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Patterson

SCOTLAND TO AMERICA

1826-1935

JOHN PATTERSON FAMILY RECORD

CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO

COLLATERAL KINDRED
THE OLD HOMESTEAD
AND SOME SKETCHES OF THE FAMILY

PATTERSON REUNION

WATERWORKS PARK, CARROLLTON, OHIO

AUGUST 10, 1935

ERNEST S. PATTERSON, PRESIDENT
R. D., CARROLLTON, OHIO

MISS FRANCES SCOTT, SECRETARY
R. D. CONOTTON, OHIO

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EUPHEMIA PATTERSON HARRISON
MY MOTHER, DAUGHTER OF JOHN PATTERSON
TAKEN AT THE HOME OF HER YOUNGEST CHILD, VIRGINIA
WHEN NEARLY NINETY YEARS OF AGE

PREFATORY NOTE

A YEAR AGO, when on a visit to my old home at Scio, Ohio, I was invited to come to the next Patterson Reunion and make an address.

I had always wanted to attend at least one of these meetings, but the opportunity never came.

When I promised to attend the one scheduled for 1935, it occurred to me if one should begin in time he might gather sufficient data to make a Family Record and give some sketches of the family, which would be of interest, not only to those who were able to attend, but to those of the family and their friends who would be unable to be present.

And besides, the time we can take from our allotted tasks upon this occasion is so short, that we cannot do much more than exchange those friendly greetings so delightful to kindred who have never met before, or perhaps for a long time.

If this publication may be taken as a fair substitute for what might be said in a fleeting address, my kindred may not only approve my decision when they read it, but feel that they have a good share of the pleasure I have in presenting it.

In this story, "Scotland to America," our insignia, the thistle, emblem of the mother country, and that of the wild turkey for America, would seem to be quite appropriate.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH T. HARRISON.

Cincinnati, Ohio.



MRS. MARTHA PATTERSON BROWN
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM PATTERSON, OF SUGAR CREEK,
TUSCARAWAS COUNTY, OHIO,
WHO WAS A BROTHER OF JOHN PATTERSON, OF CARROLL COUNTY, OHIO
(See William Patterson Family Record)

DIRECT AND COLLATERAL KINDRED OF JOHN AND ISABELLE PATTERSON

WE HAVE no information as to the paternal ancestry of John Patterson.

Of Isabelle we have a memorandum taken from the old Patterson Bible several years ago, that her mother's name was McKelvey, and that Mrs. McKelvey's mother's name was Ann Shearer.

All we know is that they came from Dumfries, Scotland, the home and burial place of Robert Burns. This was in 1826 when, with his wife Isabelle, *nee* McMillen, and their eldest child, James, then six months old, they came to either western Pennsylvania, or the "Panhandle" of West Virginia, around Holiday's Cove, and engaged in sheep industry with a man named — Edgington. This, no doubt, was his business in Scotland.

He had collateral relatives in this country, a brother William and sister Jane, who lived near New Philadelphia, Ohio, in a rich farming district known as the "Plains," in the Sugar Creek Valley.

William had a son James and a daughter Martha who married Amos Brown and lived on a farm not far from Wooster, and whose mail address was Apple Creek.

James lived and died a bachelor. I remember, when a small boy, of visiting with my parents their home, a brick dwelling and an ample bank-barn, where several horses were kept. I think at that time "Uncle" William was dead, that I did not see Martha, but I remember seeing "Aunt" Jane and "Cousin" Jimmie.

They were hospitable people and we enjoyed our visit. Their home was reckoned a day's drive from our home and was our first stopping place when on visits to Uncles William Rutan, Joseph Doty, and Aunts Robenia and Martha.

One incident of the farming operations I remember, the precision and care used in drilling wheat; that if the rows were not in straight lines they would have the operation repeated until they were straight. This was easily done in the level fields of sandy loam for which the "Plains" was noted.

The Amos Browns had three children, Milton, Emma and Charles. The latter died at the age of 19 years. I learned this from his brother

Milton, who visited me in Cincinnati in January, 1888, when on his way to Florida to spend the winter, he at that time being in poor health.

Of "Uncle" William Patterson of Sugar Creek, I have a statement made to me by Uncle William Patterson, when I visited his home near Jacksonville, Ill., in 1911. He said he was named for him; that when a boy his Uncle William used to make horseback journeys to western Pennsylvania, and always stopped at the home of his father, and that he, when a boy, took care of his horse, and that it was his custom to reward him with a silver coin, and that he left him by his will, when he died, the sum of \$500.00.

Whether his brother William, sister Jane and his brother-in-law, Thomas McMillen, and "Aunts" Grace and Robenia McCaw came with John Patterson to this country, we know not. John was 68 years old at the time of his death, September 13, 1859; Thomas McMillen was 80 years of age at the time of his death, August 27, 1875; and we gather from the grave stones, that "Aunts" Grace and Robenia died August 31, 1889, and November 1, 1892, respectively.

It is a matter of tradition that Thomas McMillen lived in New York sometime after his arrival in this country, and it was from there he came to Ohio, with enough of his savings to buy the "Sherman" farm which lies next north of the Patterson homestead.

Uncle Thomas was an interesting character, positive in his opinions, energetic in expressing them, and with all had a dry sense of humor that often scored a point.

The dates of the deaths of "Aunts" Grace and Robenia would indicate that they were younger than Isabelle and must have come to this country at a later date. Their last names being different, and being single, they were probably half-sisters of Isabelle McMillen, and because she had called them "Aunts", her children did likewise.

The "Aunts" had a relative, Mrs. Robenia Stevens, who had a son Calvin, who when a boy of about six years visited with his mother at our home along in the "seventies," and their home was in Frankfort, Beaver County, Pa., where "Aunt" Robenia lived most of her life in this country.

Mrs. Stevens, widow, later married Jonathan Smith, and they educated Calvin, who became a teacher for many years. She again became a widow, died July 23, 1921, and was buried in Mill Creek Cemetery, where most of our deceased Nickle relatives are buried.

"Aunts" Grace and Robenia were of stout build and seemed to have a smile for every one—the former a most excellent housekeeper and cook—the latter was a seamstress. I remember the fine biscuit of the one and the well-made garments made for our family by the latter. Grace lived most of her life as housekeeper for a lady of wealth, Miss Mary Mc-

Mechan, in Steubenville, Ohio, was made a beneficiary in her will and buried in her Lot No. 16, Sec. 7, Union Cemetery, where also repose the remains of "Aunt" Robenia and John P. Edgar, 1845-1906, who was a banker, and was a member of the McMechan household for many years.

Another relative who lived in Scotland is remembered by the fact that we had at home a daguerreotype picture of him—Mungo Ramsey—but where he lived, or what was his occupation, is now lost in the forgotten past.

We learn from the letters of Joseph Harrison, my grandfather, written from England and Scotland in 1854, that John Patterson sent with him some money to be given to two of his maiden sisters.

His account of that visit is best given in extracts from his letters:

"May 11, 1854. I have not fully determined whether I shall go to Scotland or not, perhaps I may, and if I do I shall keep Mr. Patterson's money and deliver it to them myself."

Quoting from another letter written in June following:

"I came to Castle Douglas the 13th of June and went to see the Misses Patterson, and found only the young one at home, the elder was gone to a place about sixteen miles distant. I gave the money to Margaret, but could not be satisfied without seeing both, so I started to a place called Moloch."

"I am now at Kircudbright (pronounced ker-koo-bra) the 14th of June, just arrived. Started to a place called Moloch, arrived in the evening. Found the elder Miss Patterson, stayed all night, was very well used; got up before six o'clock, went to the seaside and mused over the scenery before me, watched wave repelling wave against the rocky coast.

I am now on my way to Castle Douglas again, 15th of June. A young lady brought me from Moloch to Kircudbright in a buggy with two wheels—they are generally two wheeled vehicles in Scotland."

Our Grandfather Patterson had a ready smile, was a man of medium height, smooth-shaven, and was rather stout. Of his children, I think Euphemia and Isabelle resembled him most in those particulars.

He was fond of his grandchildren, as was evidenced by the candy he always had in store for them in the old drop-leaf desk which stood in the living room.

He and his family were members of the Ridge Presbyterian Church, a short distance south of Hanover on the road to Cadiz, and to which

they rode mostly on horse-back, a distance of six miles to attend, and in the adjoining cemetery are interred his remains, those of his two wives, those of "Uncle" Thomas McMillen, and other deceased members of the family.

Rev. Robert Herron, a very large man, whose weight must have been near 300, was the pastor of that church from about the time of the infancy of the older children until the marriage of Martha, the youngest of the full sisters, at whose wedding he officiated, and, indeed, performed the marriage ceremonies for all her elder sisters.

I have a distinct recollection of being present at Aunt Martha's wedding and of seeing Reverend Herron arrive at the old homestead riding the big strong bay horse it took to carry him.

The Collateral Family Record of the William Patterson family, from data furnished by Mr. Harry H. Brown, his great-grandson, is shown on page 11.

COLLATERAL FAMILY RECORD

- (1)-William Patterson, (brother of John Patterson, who died in 1859).
- (2)-James and Martha Patterson, both deceased.
- (2)-Martha Patterson, Wooster, Ohio, d. April, 1885. M. Amos Brown, Oct. 18, 1853, who died Oct. 5, 1874.
- (3)-Charles, Milton, and Emma Jane Brown.
- (3)-Emma Jane Brown, Wooster, Ohio, b. Oct. 5, 1854; d. June 25, 1899. M. David D. Armstrong; d. Jan. 31, 1935.
- (4)-Willis Brown and Nellie L. Armstrong.
- (4)-Willis Brown Armstrong, Wooster, Ohio, b. Feb. 28, 1878. M. Della Shultz.
- (4)-Nellie L. Armstrong, Wooster, Ohio, b. Jan. 21, 1892. M. Edwin L. Flory, now deceased.
- (3)-Milton Brown, Wooster, Ohio, b. June 10, 1858; d. July 27, 1929. M. Alta Smith, Sept. 27, 1893; who died Oct. 7, 1930.
- (4)-Charles S. and Harry H. Brown.
- (4)-Charles S. Brown, Salesman, Wooster, Ohio; b. Jan. 2, 1896.
- (4)-Harry H. Brown, Sheet Metal Worker, 714 Beaver St., Wooster, Ohio, b. Aug. 31, 1898.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD

AS I first knew the John Patterson Homestead, it was a two-story log dwelling situated upon the left bank or east side of the west branch of the Dining Fork Valley, where the present greatly modified dwelling now stands. It was about one-fourth mile north of the south boundary line of Carroll County, which is also the north boundary line of Harrison County.

It was located upon a ledge, the "second bottom" of the valley, and by the persistence of these ledges, or strata in the faces of the hills on both sides of the valley, one can see that the valley was deepened by erosion, and that the creek now flows in a channel considerably lower than in former geological times. The erosive character of the valley is shown by the outcropping of rock strata and shale upon the faces of the hillsides on both sides of the valley. The same slaty stratum of "soapstone" above and east of the house is seen in the side of the "German-town" hill nearly a mile to the south, and in the sides of the hills on each side of the valley on the old McMillen farm north of the homestead. Indeed, the large stratified rocks near the top of the hillside, northeast of the house and barn, were once a part of a stratum of rock which extended across the valley, and of which the fallen rocks on the Calcot farm west was a part, and which have broken and rolled down toward the bottoms of the valleys running through each of the farms.

Springs of clear cold water issued at different levels along both sides of the valley. One is at the higher level above the old McMillen dwelling west of the valley road; another on the east side, above the "Sherman Cabin" hereinafter mentioned. There is another on the east side of the valley about opposite the present residence of Tad Harrison, near the junction of the ridge and valley roads leading to Scio, and has been piped across the valley to his home, and gives him all the advantages of running water, both hot and cold. And still another above the old Harrison homestead, also piped down for domestic use. Other springs come out at lower levels near the creek and furnish water for homes and stock along the whole course of the valley. I remember one in the meadow on the McMillen farm, purchased by father from Uncle Thomas McMillen, August 6, 1860, which came up in a basin, and how refreshing it was in harvest time when we got down on "all-fours" to drink the clear cold water and see the swirling particles of white sand at the bottom.

The valley in which John Patterson settled had been in course of preparation for thousands, perhaps millions of years before he came to occupy it.

To the northeast, a path or road led to the top of a high ridge through the woods to the farm and home of Uncle James Patterson.

I remember, too, of thinking what might happen to me if some of those big rocks should loosen and roll down in my direction.

There was something new to be seen at every turn, and in the Fall of the year additional interest was given when trudging through the dry leaves to uncover some big brown chestnuts which had fallen from the open burs. Wild grapes also grew in those woods that became appetizing after the first frost. I remember once when Uncle James, Sam and John, Jr., and I, sought them on a cool crisp Autumn day, and Sam ate very heartily of them, until finally he turned to Uncle James and asked, "Do you think I have eaten enough?" and Uncle James (who was a quick spoken man) said, "Well, Sam, if you are as blue on the inside as you are on the outside, I think you have had enough."

The house had two fronts, one on the lower side at the ground level, and one on the upper side of the ground level, which made the two stories, and, if I remember correctly, there was a "corkscrew" stairway which led up from the lower to the second story. Above the second story was "upstairs," the place where the children slept. The "old-folks" slept in the living room on the ground floor of the second story.

The spring and springhouse for the storage of milk and butter was at the foot of a bank below and at a little distance southwest of the dwelling, but far enough to make the carrying of water up the hill to the house an irksome task. I have a faint recollection of an elevated wire on which a bucket ran and by its own weight dropped into the spring, and when filled was drawn up to the dwelling by a rope wound around a windlass, and which was deemed a great saving of labor over negotiating the hill on foot and carrying the filled bucket.

One could go directly from the living room to the porch on the lower side and we may fancy, first one and then another, take in hand his piece of huckleberry pie and feel, as he ate it, the juice drop from his elbow down upon the hollyhocks below.

Horseback riding was the chief means of getting about, and we can fancy that many times watchful eyes saw the riders depart and were eager to be the first to see them when they appeared at the top of the hill on the opposite side of the valley when they returned.

An old log house stood a few steps to the southeast of the home, no doubt the first habitation of John Patterson and his family, built soon after the farm "in the woods" was bought in 1826.

A garden was enclosed by a paling fence just north of the dwelling and to reach it one passed by the brick "outoven" which baked the family bread. Beyond that to the north was the bank barn, and underneath was the stable for the horses, which was at the end of a lane above the house, and to reach them one passed through a swinging gate.

East of the lane and upon the hillside was the orchard, where apples just fell off and rolled down ready for use.

From the barn the lane ran south and turned at a short distance at a right angle to the west, and this made two sides of another garden south of the house, and then continued down into the lowest part of the valley, passing the sheep-barn on the left where Uncle Tommy counted them by notches cut on a stick, and then across a bridge over the springfed creek of clear water, where darted, in the light and shadows of overhanging willows, the nimble minnows, and connected with the main road on the opposite side of the valley. This road, at the county line, connected with another road leading north to Perrysville and in the opposite direction led to Scio. The lower, or valley road, opposite the homestead, ran high upon the hillside in steep grades, up one hill and down another (to save more level land for cultivation), and when it reached the McMillen farm, it took a more level course to the head of the valley.

The McMillen house and barn were on the west side of the road and opposite an old water-driven sawmill, still standing when I was a boy, and traces of the old "forebay" which brought the water to the mill are still to be seen.

East of the mill on the opposite side of the valley at the head of a ravine on the hillside, was the "Sherman" log cabin, which I remember to have seen, and which gave to the land the name, "Sherman Farm."

A path across the meadow from the Patterson homestead, in a north-westerly direction, on a "foot-log" over the creek below the mill, and on up through the deep woods in the southwest corner of the McMillen farm, led to the "Stonebrook" school, two miles away, at the intersection of the Perrysville road, and the one leading to Conotton, and it was where the children had their only educational advantages, and those for only three months in a year.

On the third day of last September, brother Tad and I visited the old Patterson homestead, and how changed it was. A stone wall now runs along the upper side of the house where formerly one stepped from the ground to the porch. A room has been added where formerly was the north end of the porch. We looked through the windows and I fancied I could locate just where the melodeon stood when Elizabeth, Sam and John, Jr., were in their "teens." Also the big stone fireplace in the living room, which took in logs of huge dimensions for fuel; and in which

the iron crane swung with its load of foodstuffs in the process of cooking for the expectant meal. Opposite this was a huge clock reaching from the floor nearly to the ceiling, built into the wall, and which was operated with ponderous weights. In the corner of the room was the bed of the "Oldfolks," built high with the feathers of departed geese.

I fancied I could still see old Uncle Tommy sitting at the chimney corner, his cane standing near by, and the smoke from his pipe mounting up the chimney.

Going down to the old spring we shooed some cattle out of the way bearing burdock burs in their faces and tails. The virgin soil of the farm had worn out; gutters in the fields were deeper; the stumps in the fields and the rail fences which had enclosed them had disappeared; the orchard was gone; the creek which had run from one-fourth to bank full for the greater part of a year, in the olden time, was now a trickling stream; old "Ned," the fat and patient bay horse which drew the family buggy, had gone where all good horses go; the ponds of water which stood in depressions of the once wandering creek where, in the Winter season, we skated, and where tadpoles had grown into booming frogs,—they too were gone.

To the southeast of the old home is a high hill, which stands out in promontory fashion, from which one can get a far view of the entire valley. Land has slipped down in folds from the top. I have stood upon its wrinkled brow and looked down upon the meadow where the red-winged blackbird had nested upon a convenient cattail, and from whence came, at intervals between tidbits of food, the notes of "bob-white" and the meadow lark.

Further down the valley, spreading out in fan-like fashion, about 1,000 feet south of the county line, is an elevated plateau on the right side, and extending to the terminus of the Calcot Valley to the West, on which was a two-story hewn log house, with large stone chimney and stairway on the outside—the house in which I was born.

Tradition has it that then, before the telephone or radio were known, there was in use a signal system of putting out of the window a towel having a predetermined significance, understood both at the new home of my mother and the home of her father.

The sight of my birthplace was considered so eligible, before that date, that it was selected as a suitable location for a village or town, but it never got further than the first house and the name, "German-town," a name given to the farm which my paternal grandfather, Joseph Harrison, purchased in 1845.

The valley is still further widened by the junction with the East fork, and from there on down to the Conotton creek it is known as the

Dining Fork, because the two branches have some resemblance to the two-tined tablefork.

Looking to the southwest beyond the "Germantown" location, one gets a glimpse of the brick dwelling built by Joseph Harrison in 1840, and of the barn and other outbuildings. A little beyond them the valley turns to the west, and then south, and an intercepting ridge cuts off a view of the Village of Scio.

Here in this valley was the home and environment of John Patterson and his family, where four of his children died in infancy; thirteen grew to adult age; one of whom was a soldier killed in the Civil War; two of whom, my Uncle James and my Mother, nearly reached the age of *ninety* years, now all gone to the Great Beyond.

There was no race suicide in that period of the Nineteenth Century in which John Patterson lived. He was the father of seventeen children, thirteen of whom grew to adult age. The average age of eleven of them was seventy-five years. Four of those eleven reached eighty years. Margaret, the eldest daughter, died at the age of forty-two years, and the one to live the longest and have the most children was Euphemia, my Mother, who lacked only a few weeks of being ninety years old when she passed away, August 4, 1920.

There have been 290 descendants of John Patterson; seventy grandchildren; 126 great-grandchildren, one of whom is a Missionary in India; seventy-six great-great-grandchildren; and *three* great-great-great-grandchildren, the beginning of the *sixth* generation. One near the Pacific coast, great-grandchild of John A. Patterson, son of James of Kansas, Richard Wayne Mountjoy, two years old, who lives in Ellensburg, Washington; and Evely and Eleanor Cameron, near the Atlantic coast, great-grandchildren of Margaret Nickle, living in Pennsylvania, aged *four* and *six* years, respectively.

The descendants of John Patterson are found in California, Illinois, Kansas, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Washington, and India.

It is fitting that we hold this reunion in memory of the family of John Patterson, and that we hold others in the years to come to commemorate the lives they lived and the sacrifices they made to bring us into being.

I am the oldest descendant of John Patterson, and doubt not that I am the only living person who can say that he ever saw him.

I thank all those who have so kindly furnished the family data, which it has taken a year to accumulate. We began none too soon, for there is still more to be had. Some came too late for publication.

Without the assistance given to me this publication would have been very imperfect. Doubtless some errors have crept in, but the utmost care has been taken in checking and rechecking the dates and other matters.

It is not unlike one building a house; he always has a desire to build another, to correct the mistakes he made in the preceding one.

No one can appreciate the labor and care involved, unless he has engaged in a similar task. I ask, therefore, a patient indulgence if any errors should be found.

I have been compensated by the great interest it has afforded me, and the gratitude of my kinfolk will be my reward. I hope it will give them a better knowledge of our Scottish kindred than they would otherwise have had, and that they will have learned much of interest that would have been dimmed by time, or perhaps have been lost in oblivion.

FAMILY RECORD

ABBREVIATIONS

b.— For born.

M.— For married.

d.— For deceased.

() — Figures in parenthesis, the generation.

D. F. — The book — The Story of the Dining Fork.

-
- (1)—John Patterson, Carroll County, Ohio, died by accident, Sept. 13, 1859 (see D. F. 194). M. Isabelle McMillen, in Scotland, Nov. 25, 1824. She died Nov. 17, 1846.
- (2)—James, Margaret, Robenia, Euphemia, William, Mary, Isabelle, Adam, Martha, and Alexander Patterson.
- (1)—John Patterson, M. Catherine Adams, March 21, 1849. She died Oct. 22, 1881.
- (2)—Elizabeth, Samuel and John Patterson, Jr.
- (2)—James Patterson, Farmer, b. Oct. 12, 1825; d. July 18, 1910, Blue Mound, Kas. M. Jane Sproul, May 4, 1854; d. May 4, 1913.
- (3)—John A., Nancy Jane, Elizabeth Grace, William M., Thomas J., Milton, and Charles R. Patterson. Isabelle, Catherine, and — Patterson died in infancy.
- (3)—John A. Patterson, Farmer, Piedmont, Kas., b. July 25, 1857. M. May Lockwood, Feb. 22, 1882. She died 1899.
- (4)—Oscar L., Margaret, John Maurice, William, and Clarence.
- (4)—Oscar L. Patterson, 9105 15th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash. M. Josephine Hondas, Sept. 25, 1922.
- (4)—Margaret Patterson, Howard, Kas. d. 1927. M. John S. Beatty Dec. 24, 1902. He is now deceased.
- (5)—Ethel M. Beatty, Howard, Kas. M. Norwalk Yantis, April 4, 1923.
- (5)—Verna A. Beatty, Elk Falls, Kas. M. William E. Kill, April 27, 1931.
- (5)—J. Henry Beatty, Howard, Kas.
- (5)—Alice Beatty, Elk Falls, Kas. M. John V. Olsen, July 4, 1933.
- (4)—John Maurice Patterson, Piedmont, Kas.; d. 1923. M. Orpha Larimer, Dec. 24, 1907.
- (5)—Elsie, Corrinne, Leona Mae and Alma Gertrude Patterson.

- (5)–Elsie Patterson, 709 N. Sprague Ave., Ellensburg, Wash. M. Oliver M. Mountjoy, Aug. 16, 1932.
- (6)–Richard Wayne Mountjoy, b. July 5, 1933.
- (5)–Corrinne Patterson, 207 W. Ninth St., Ellensburg, Wash. M. Irving Haugen, July 20, 1934.
- (5)–Leona Mae Patterson, 203 W. Ninth St., Ellensburg, Wash. Alma Gertrude Patterson, 203 W. Ninth St., Ellensburg, Wash.
- (4)–William Patterson, Centralia, Wash., World War Veteran, 47th Infantry, at Chateau-Thierry, France.
- (4)–Clarence Patterson, 619 S. Canyon Blvd., Monrovia, Calif., b. May 8, 1891. Disabled Veteran, 90th Div., at St. Mihiel, Argonne Forest. M. Bertha Williams, Sept. 21, 1921.
- (3)–John A. Patterson, Piedmont, Kas. (Second marriage.) M. Gertrude Rhea, Sept. 20, 1903; one son, aged 23, deceased.
- (3)–Nancy Jane Patterson, b. Aug., 1859; d. Jan. 24, 1892, Blue Mound, Kas. M. Frederick Curry, Oct. 17, 1882.
- (4)–Ervin Kincaid, Jennie Grace, Alma and Alpha (twins), b. April 14, 1890.
- (4)–Ervin Kincaid Curry, R. D. 1, Bakersfield, Calif.; b. July 18, 1886. M. Gladys Patrick, Aug. 22, 1913.
- (4)–Jennie Grace Curry, b. Dec. 14, 1887. M. Earl A. Reeves, July 5, 1916.
- (3)–William Patterson, Farmer, Kincaid, Anderson Co., Kas. M. Frances McCubbin, Feb. 21, 1901.
- (3)–Milton Patterson, Farmer, Blue Mound, Kas.; b. Jan. 1882. M. Maude Chaney, March 29, 1921.
- (3)–Thomas J. Patterson, Farmer, Centerville, Kas.; b. April 8, 1867.
- (3)–Charles R. Patterson, Farmer, Centerville, Kas.; b. Oct. 7, 1876.
- (3)–Elizabeth Grace Patterson, Blue Mound, Kas.; b. April 18, 1870. d. March 26, 1934. M. Sidney W. Thyer, May 23, 1893.
- (4)–Lottie V. Thyer, b. July 11, 1894. Beatrice J. Thyer, b. Aug. 28, 1896. Alva C. Thyer and Adna M. Thyer (twins), b. Aug. 31, 1898.
- (4)–Alva C. Thyer, Blue Mound, Kas. M. Agnes Williams, Oct. 31, 1931.
- (2)–Margaret Patterson, b. June, 1826. M. Matthew Nickle, Farmer, Hookstown, Beaver Co., Pa.; Aug. 26, 1847. She died May 8, 1868. He, b. June, 1821; d. Sept. 3, 1904.
- (3)–John B., Thomas M., David F., Alex. Murray, James K., Mary, Jeannette I., Margaret Robenia, and William P. Nickle.
- (3)–John B. Nickle, Farmer, Hookstown, Beaver Co., Pa. M. Margaret Kevren. She died Feb. 20, 1872.
- (3)–John B. Nickle, b. July 28, 1848; d. July 12, 1897. M. Mary W. Stevenson, Jan., 1883. She died March 20, 1924.

- (4)–Wallace Nickle, b. Sept. 7, 1884; Earle Nickle, b. March 26, 1886; Grace Nickle, b. April 23, 1888.
- (4)–Grace Nickle, M. William Cameron, Aug. 30, 1905.
- (5)–Bryan, b. May 17, 1906; Earle, b. April 17, 1910; Ray, b. April 8, 1912, and Maude Cameron, b. Jan. 23, 1922.
- (5)–Bryan Cameron, M. Leota Nelson, Oct. 20, 1927.
- (6)–Evelyn Cameron, b. March, 1929; Eleanor, b. April 28, 1931.
- (3)–Thomas M. Nickle, Farmer, Hookstown, Pa., b. Oct. 30, 1849; d. Jan. 4, 1919. M. Jennie Stewart, Oct. 5, 1881. She died April 20, 1918.
- (4)–Margaret, b. July 13, 1882; Lola E., b. May 14, 1884; Gertrude, b. Jan. 18, 1888; Mabel and Maude (twins), b. June 20, 1891; Mabel Nickle, d. May 21, 1916.
- (4)–Maude Nickle, M. Lester N. Hickman, May 25, 1921.
- (5)–Mildred B. and Donald N. Hickman, b. Jan. 16, 1923, and Dec. 2, 1924.
- (4)–Lola E. Nickle, M. Walker Ingle.
- (5)–Della Marie, b. March 26, 1917; Jane E., b. April 15, 1919; and Mary Frances Ingle, b. July 7, 1920.
- (4)–Gertrude Nickle, Pughtown, W. Va. M. Ralph Stewart, Farmer, Nov. 11, 1914. He was born June 10, 1889.
- (5)–Mabel Marie Stewart, b. May 14, 1916.
- (3)–David F. Nickle, b. Sept. 3, 1852; d. Sept. 6, 1862.
- (3)–Alex. Murray Nickle, 228 State St., Grove City, Pa.; b. Nov. 24, 1854; wife d. March 5, 1912. M. Jennie Bigger, Feb. 5, 1888.
- (3)–Alex. Murray Nickle, teacher and builder; M. Margaret Humphrey Sept. 28, 1916. (Brought up Ida May Wilson, b. April 18, 1902.)
- (0) Ida May Wilson, M. T. J. Steel, Brooklyn, N. Y. She became a graduate nurse, Columbia Hospital, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; one child, Emma J., 5 years.
- (3)–Mary Nickle, b. July 3, 1858; d. April 25, 1872.
- (3)–Jeannette I. Nickle, b. July 1, 1861; d. Sept. 19, 1864.
- (3)–James K. Nickle, Farmer, Hookstown, Pa.; b. May 20, 1856. M. Laura Stewart, Dec., 1891, who died Feb. 5, 1900. He died Feb. 5, 1895.
- (4)–Pearl Nickle, died at the age of three months.
- (3)–Margaret Robenia Nickle, Wellsville, Ohio; b. March, 1865. M. George Runyon, May 14, 1902, who died 1934. She died Nov. 20, 1901.
- (4)–Isabelle, b. June 10, 1904; Mary Runyon, b. Sept. 19, 1906; d. April 11, 1911.
- (3)–William Patterson Nickle, Carroll Co., Ohio. (Adopted Scott—see Mary Scott.)

- (2)–Robenia Patterson, Ashland, Ohio, b. Feb. 9, 1829; d. May 13, 1901.
M. Wm. Rutan, Farmer, 1850. He was born March 5, 1822; d. April 24, 1900.
- (3)–John C., b. June 19, 1854; d. Dec. 20, 1854; Judson, b. Feb. 8, 1856;
d. Feb. 27, 1862; Elizabeth, b. Feb. 27, 1859; d. March 11, 1859;
Mary Jane and Alice Rutan.
- (3)–Mary Jane Rutan, Ashland, Ohio, b. April 17, 1852; d. Feb. 28, 1929.
M. Wm. Davidson, Nov. 19, 1874. He was b. 1846; d. Jan. 27, 1912.
- (4)–Cary, b. Oct., 1875; d. Feb., 1925; Blaine and Nellie Davidson.
- (4)–Blaine Davidson, Ashland, Ohio, Motor Car Business. M. Sarah
Fitzpatrick.
- (5)–Wm. Donald, b. 1918, Ashland, Ohio; Mary Davidson, b. 1920,
Ashland, Ohio.
- (5)–Nellie Davidson, 226 Highland Ave., Ashland, Ohio. M. Dr. Ralph
Walter Huchison. She was born July, 1889.
- (3)–Alice Rutan, 1720 Marshall Ave., St. Paul, Minn., b. May 5, 1862.
M. Nelson Chase, June 1, 1893.
- (2)–Euphemia Patterson, b. Nov. 2, 1830; d. Aug. 4, 1920. M. John
Harrison, Farmer, Scio, Ohio, April 22, 1852. He was b. July 10,
1830; d. Dec. 2, 1908.
- (3)–Joseph T., James Madison, John Patterson, Charles S., William H.
(Twins), Isabelle, Ellen, Milton Brown, Thaddeus S., Euphemia,
Abraham L. and Virginia Harrison.
- (3)–Joseph T. Harrison, Attorney at Law, Cincinnati, Ohio; b. May 1,
1853. M. Vanelia J. Smith, Sept. 23, 1884. Wife b. Jan. 6, 1856;
d. June 28, 1921.
- (4)–Louise K. Harrison, b. Oct. 8, 1890; Musician, Cincinnati, Ohio.
M. E. Corleis Adams, Oct. 30, 1912. Deceased.
- (5)–Anne Louise Adams, b. Sept. 20, 1913, Minneapolis, Minn.
- (4)–Louise Harrison Adams, Cincinnati, Ohio. M. Larned I. Snodgrass,
Dec. 31, 1917. Civil Engineer and Plant Equipment, Cincinnati,
Ohio.
- (5)–Anne Louise Adams (adopted), now Anne Louise Snodgrass.
- (3)–James Madison Harrison, Farmer, Sedro-Woolley, Wash.; b. Nov. 4,
1855. M. Ora Holmes, Oct. 10, 1880. Wife died March 25, 1925.
- (4)–George H., b. July 18, 1881; Elmina, and John H. Harrison.
- (4)–Elmina Harrison, Sedro-Woolley, Wash.; b. Feb. 9, 1883. M. George
F. Scott, Farmer, Jan. 14, 1909.
- (5)–Howard H., b. Sept. 27, 1909; Earl M., b. March 22, 1911; Wilbur H.,
b. June 18, 1914; Lorin G., b. July 22, 1917; Harrison B. Scott,
b. March 7, 1922.

- (4)-John H. Harrison, Farmer, Sedro-Woolley, Wash.; b. April 22, 1889.
M. Anna Eyre, April 6, 1921.
- (5)-Robert Glen, b. June 26, 1922; Betty Grace, b. March 28, 1924;
Shirley Corrinne, b. March 17, 1928.
- (3)-John Patterson Harrison, Farmer, Scio, Ohio; b. March 31, 1857;
d. Aug. 2, 1895.
- (3)-Charles S. Harrison, Farmer, Blue Rapids, Kas., b. March 22, 1858;
d. March 21, 1899.
- (3)-William H. Harrison, Farmer, Scio, Ohio, b. June 22, 1860; d. Dec.
11, 1909. M. Addie Baker, Dec. 4, 1901.
- (4)-John Baker Harrison, b. 1904.
- (3)-Isabelle Harrison, Blue Rapids, Kas., b. June 22, 1860; d. March 24,
1896. M. Nelson Carter, Farmer, March 16, 1887; d. March 20, 1917.
Both buried Scio, Ohio.
- (4)-Virginia Carter, R. D. Canton, Ohio, b. Aug. 12, 1889. M. Perry
Cooper.
- (3)-Ellen Harrison, Atlantic, Iowa, b. July 10, 1862; d. Aug. 21, 1909.
M. Nelson Carter, Dec. 27, 1904. Buried, Grandview Cemetery,
Scio, Ohio.
- (3)-Thaddeus S. Harrison, Farmer, R. D. Scio, Ohio; b. Sept. 11, 1866.
- (3)-Euphemia Harrison, Scio, Ohio, b. May 10, 1868. M. Sherman F.
McKlveen, March 25, 1909. He died Dec. 30, 1930.
- (3)-Euphemia McKlveen, Perrysville, Carroll Co., Ohio. M. S. Ross
Butterfield, Farmer, Nov. 29, 1934.
- (3)-Abraham L. Harrison, Farmer, Scio, Ohio; b. Feb. 28, 1864; d. July
24, 1888, Gunnison, Col. Buried in I. O. O. F. Cemetery.
- (3)-Milton Brown Harrison, Farmer, Scio, Ohio; b. March 2, 1870.
d. April 30, 1934. M. Alice Viola Haines, Dec. 20, 1911.
- (4)-Wilbur L., b. Sept. 29, 1912; Famy M., b. March 16, 1914; Delmar S.,
b. September 17, 1916; Virginia B., b. Nov. 12, 1919; Mary E.,
b. July 6, 1921; Dorothy Mae, b. Oct. 10, 1924; Mabel Harrison,
b. Feb. 15, 1926.
- (3)-Virginia Harrison, Scio, Ohio, b. Nov. 30, 1872. M. Harry H. Whit-
taker, Farmer and Surveyor.
- (2)-William Patterson, Farmer, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Sept., 1832. M. Mary
Boston, March 11, 1858; d. Nov. 17, 1912. She was b. April 13,
1838; d. May 14, 1926.
- (3)-Louisa B., Henrietta, Ulysses G., George W., Irvin A., Martha,
Edward, Leonard, and Winona Maude Patterson.
- (3)-Louisa B. Patterson, Oakland, Calif., b. Sept. 20, 1859. M. John
Williamson, Sept. 20, 1883. He was b. Sept. 27, 1859; d. March 26,
1898.

- (3)-Henrietta Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Dec. 29, 1861; d. Feb. 4, 1933. M. Ernest G. Deweese, Farmer, Oct. 4, 1888, who died Nov. 13, 1923.
- (4)-Pearl and Ruby Deweese (twins), b. March 4, 1890, and Ruth E. Deweese.
- (4)-Ruth E. Deweese, b. July 18, 1901. M. Elmer E. Crabtree, Aug. 11, 1923, who was born November 13, 1903.
- (5)-Dorothy R. Crabtree, b. Aug. 19, 1926; Donald E. Crabtree, b. Dec. 11, 1934.
- (3)-Ulysses G. Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill., b. June 26, 1864; d. Dec. 28, 1887.
- (3)-George Wallace Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill., b. Aug. 27, 1866. M. Laura P. Roney. She died May 18, 1926.
- (3)-George Wallace Patterson (second marriage). M. Alice Marden, June, 1927.
- (3)-Irvin Albert Patterson, Farmer, Jacksonville, Ill., b. Nov. 6, 1868. M. Effie Armstrong, March 14, 1900. She died Aug. 14, 1901.
- (4)-Ray Armstrong Patterson, Mechanic, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Aug. 13, 1901. M. Florence Olsen, b. Oct. 17, 1921.
- (5)-Helen M. Patterson, b. Dec. 8, 1923.
- (3)-Irvin Albert Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill (second marriage). M. Florence Coulter, Sept. 14, 1905.
- (4)-Wilbur Irvin Patterson, b. June 14, 1909. M. Vera Conrad, Sept. 1, 1934.
- (3)-Martha Patterson, 1131 W. Lafayette Ave., Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Feb. 27, 1871.
- (3)-Edward Patterson, Farmer, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. May 30, 1873. M. Minerva J. Putnam, Oct. 88, 1898, who was born Nov. 25, 1874.
- (4)-Everett W., William E., Harold L., Helen M., and Mary L. Patterson.
- (4)-Everett W. Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill., b. March 28, 1900. M. Ellen E. Cruzan.
- (5)-Betty L. Patterson, b. April 15, 1925; Barbara J., b. Sept. 25, 1930; Everett R., b. Feb. 1, 1932.
- (4)-William E. Patterson, b. April 27, 1903. M. Helen L. Newby, Dec. 24, 1925.
- (5)-Robert Earl Patterson, b. March 30, 1929.
- (4)-Harold L. Patterson, b. March 6, 1906.
- (4)-Helen M. Patterson, b. March 28, 1910. M. Clyde Ashford Smith, Jan. 20, 1931.
- (5)-Dorothy Mae Smith, b. Aug. 16, 1931.
- (4)-Mary L. Patterson, b. May 15, 1913. M. Royel E. Doyel, July 18, 1934.

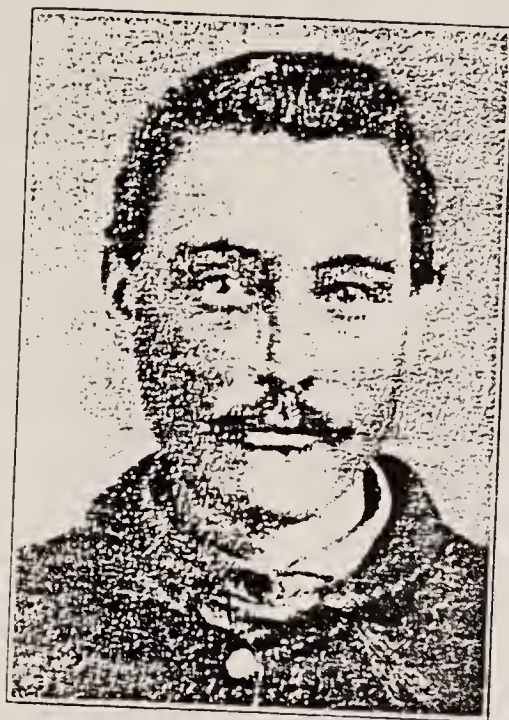
- (3)-Leonard Patterson, Salesman, Chicago, Ill.; b. Nov. 12, 1876; d. Nov. 7, 1934. M. Cora B. Deeming, Dec. 17, 1912.
- (3)-Winona Maude Patterson, b. Aug. 30, 1879. M. James Wesley Crum, Farmer, Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 1, 1906.
- (4)-Claris Keith Crum, b. May 10, 1909; Lucile Crum, b. May 9, 1918.
- (2)-Mary Patterson, Perrysville, Ohio, b., 1834; d. March 5, 1907. M. Alexander Scott, Farmer, Aug. 25, 1853. He was b. 1825; d. 1878.
- (3)-William Patterson Nickle, Farmer, (adopted) Scott, Conotton, Ohio, b. July 13, 1867; d. Aug. 26, 1906. M. Estella Stephenson, Oct. 18, 1893.
- (4)-Harry Scott, Frances Scott, b. Oct. 17, 1901.
- (4)-Harry Scott, Farmer, R. D. Conotton, Ohio; b. April 23, 1896. M. Dec. 27, 1922, Laura Gamble, who died Mar. 19, 1933.
- (5)-William G. Scott, b. Feb. 6, 1924; Mary Irene Scott, b. Aug. 14, 1925; Lois Estella Scott, b. July 14, 1927; Merle F. Scott, b. July 17, 1929; John R. Scott, b. Aug. 9, 1930; Harry L. Scott, b. Sept. 13, 1931.
- (2)-Isabelle Patterson, b. July 23, 1836; d. Oct. 25, 1912. M. William Hogue, Farmer, Kilgore, Ohio, June 5, 1856, who was b. May 21, 1834; d. Jan. 14, 1896.
- (3)-Mary Hogue, Martha Hogue, and Grace Hogue.
- (3)-Mary Hogue, Germano, Ohio, b. Feb. 19, 1859; d. Nov. 29, 1899. M. John Thompson, Farmer, Nov. 16, 1886.
- (4)-Boyd Thompson, Farmer, R. D. Canton, Ohio, b. Jan. 28, 1888. M. Edith Johnson, Dec. 10, 1914.
- (5)-Eloise Thompson, b. Sept. 9, 1917.
- (5)-Madonna Thompson, b. June 26, 1923.
- (4)-Clara Thompson, b. Sept. 12, 1889. M. Earl Johnson, Farmer, North Canton, Ohio, February 24, 1912.
- (5)-Pauline Johnson, b. July 9, 1918.
- (5)-Walter Johnson, b. June 7, 1921.
- (3)-Martha Hogue, b. Sept. 27, 1861; d. March 19, 1935.
- (3)-Grace Hogue, Carrollton, Ohio, b. May 25, 1874. M. Jesse L. Wood, Farmer, May 11, 1899.
- (4)-Mabel, b. May 11, 1901; Edgar, b. Jan. 24, 1907; d. Sept. 11, 1907; Howard, b. Sept. 19, 1909; Martha Wood, b. April 3, 1914.
- (2)-Martha Patterson, b. Oct. 19, 1841; d. Feb. 20, 1921. M. Joseph Doty, Farmer, Lexington, Ohio, Sept. 19, 1861, b. Jan. 15, 1837; d. Feb. 10, 1913.
- (3)-Laura Jane, Emma Belle, John Clark, and Boyd Patterson Doty.
- (3)-Laura Jane Doty, Lexington, Ohio, b. Aug. 5, 1862. M. John M. Campbell, Farmer, Feb. 16, 1888.

- (4)—Glenn Doty Campbell, Farmer, Lexington, Ohio; b. March 5, 1889. M. Ruby Balliett, April 13, 1915.
- (5)—James Duane Campbell, b. March 25, 1916; Marie Ellen Campbell, b. Dec. 29, 1917; Glenna Jane Campbell, b. May 26, 1922.
- (3)—Emma Belle Doty, Lexington, Ohio, b. May 31, 1865. M. John Gould Dustin Tucker, Teacher, Dec. 24, 1891; b. Nov. 21, 1851; d. Feb. 9, 1930.
- (4)—Boyd Wayland, Horace Gould, Helen, Boyd Doty, and Ruth Mae Tucker.
- (4)—Boyd Wayland Tucker, Missionary, Pakaur, India; b. Jan. 12, 1893. M. Lela Payton, May 6, 1921.
- (5)—Boyd W. Jr., b. — 1922; Elizabeth, B., b. May 12, 1923; Gould P., Aug. 16, 1924; Richard D. and Robert B. (twins), b. Jan. 31, 1927.
- (4)—Helen Tucker, Lexington, Ohio, b. March 11, 1896. M. Emery Culler, June 12, 1918.
- (5)—Gould Duane, b. April 27, 1919; Loren Emery, b. July 10, 1926; Donald Robert, b. Aug. 27, 1930, and Paul Leonard Culler, b. Mar. 26, 1933.
- (4)—Paul Doty Tucker, Lexington, Ohio, b. Feb. 27, 1905. M. Margery Pollock, Oct. 16, 1926.
- (5)—Carol Max Tucker, b. Aug. 15, 1927; Gloria Ann Tucker, Nov. 25, 1928; David Richard Tucker, June 9, 1934.
- (4)—Ruth Mae Tucker, Mansfield, Ohio, b. June 8, 1907. M. Wilbur J. Robbins, June 1, 1929.
- (3)—John Clark Doty, Iron Molder, New Philadelphia, Ohio; b. Sept. 16, 1868; d. Nov. 9, 1912. Married.
- (3)—Boyd Patterson Doty, Attorney at Law, Columbus, Ohio; b. March 24, 1876. M. Bessie A. Orebaugh, Batavia, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1909.
- (4)—Boyd Patterson Doty, Jr., b. March 25, 1911, at Seattle, Washington.
- (4)—Donald Clark Doty, b. Aug. 9, 1916, at Westerville, Ohio.
- (2)—Alexander Patterson, Farmer, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Sept. 11, 1845; d. May 11, 1923. M. Sarah V. Bridgman, Oct. 5, 1871, who was b. March 17, 1846; d. Sept. 19, 1922.
- (3)—Ira, Walter, Edith, Cora, and Austin Patterson.
- (3)—Ira Patterson, Farmer and Carpenter, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Sept. 1, 1872. M. Clara J. Middleton, b. Feb. 7, 1901; who d. Dec. 7, 1922.
- (4)—Ruth Alma, Cecil Howard, Robert Wilbur, Carl Lester, Margaret E., and Grace Lucile Patterson.
- (4)—Ruth Alma Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill., b. Sept. 1, 1902. M. John Fay Summers, June 29, 1925.
- (5)—Frances May; Betty Jane, b. Nov. 14, 1926; John Robert, b. June 7, 1928; Ruth Lucile, b. May 18, 1929, and Virginia Lee Summers, b. Nov. 22, 1931.

- (4)-Cecil Howard Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill., b. Dec. 30, 1904. M. Beulah Summers, Sept. 10, 1923.
- (5)-Dorothy Lucile, b. Jan. 31, 1924; Jack Harold, b. Jan. 7, 1927; Robert W.; Raymond Allen Patterson. b. 1930.
- (4)-Robert Wilbur Patterson, 210 E. Dunlap St., Jacksonville, b. May 8, 1907. M. Madyline French, May 21, 1933.
- (4)-Carl Lester Patterson, 1637 E. Ninth St., Chicago, Ill., b. Dec. 8, 1909. M. Virginia George, Nov. 20, 1933.
- (4)-Margaret E., b. Sept. 11, 1912, and Grace Lucile Patterson, b. Oct. 18, 1919, Jacksonville, Ill.
- (3)-Ira Patterson, above (second marriage), Mrs. Eliza W. Cooper, May 15, 1926.
- (3)-Walter Patterson, Jacksonville, Ill., b. Jan. 30, 1874. M. Ollie Middleton, Jan. 23, 1907; b. Oct. 8, 1878.
- (4)-Eloise, b. Dec. 2, 1907; Edna, b. Feb. 13, 1910; Harold, b. May 17, 1912; Dorothy, b. Nov. 10, 1914, and Wm. Patterson, b. April 21, 1917.
- (3)-Edith Patterson, Literberry, Ill., b. March 13, 1875. M. Stimpson Jones, Feb. 21, 1905.
- (4)-Alma Thessel Jones, b. June 30, 1909.
- (3)-Cora I. Patterson, Literberry, Ill., b. Feb. 12, 1881. M. Elmer Jones, Sept. 26, 1900, who was born Dec. 12, 1876.
- (4)-Gertrude I., b. May 20, 1901; Irma L., b. Oct. 23, 1903; Mary E., b. Nov. 5, 1908; d. 1908; Helen F., b. June 9, 1911; Elmer N., b. Aug. 10, 1913, and Paul A. Jones, b. Jan. 9, 1915.
- (4)-Gertrude Irene Jones, Literberry, Ill., b. May 20, 1901. M. Leroy Irvin, Sept. 24, 1925, who was born Oct. 31, 1886.
- (5)-Evallee, b. June 20, 1919.
- (5)-Margaret J., b. March 5, 1926; d. Aug. 3, 1926; William Elmer, b. Dec. 23, 1926; Robert Lee, b. Oct. 13, 1928; d. Oct. 13, 1926; Rose Marie, b. Nov. 12, 1929; Anna Mae, b. Sept. 30, 1931, and Betty Lou Irvin, b. March 16, 1934.
- (4)-Irma Louise Jones, Literberry, Ill., b. Oct. 23, 1903. M. Geo. F. Dipple, Feb. 5, 1924, who was born Oct. 28, 1901.
- (5)-Dorothy E., b. Nov. 13, 1924; Helen L., b. June 9, 1926; Marjorie E., b. June 9, 1929; Harold E., b. July 2, 1930; Donald W., b. Sept. 5, 1931, and William E. Dipple, b. April 16, 1934.
- (4)-Helen Farrel Jones, Ashland, Ill., b. June 9, 1911. M. John E. McCarthy, Aug. 5, 1933, who was born May 28, 1912.
- (3)-Austin Patterson, Farmer, R. D. 4, Jacksonville, Ill.; b. Nov. 5, 1882. M. Katie Daniels, March 14, 1907, who was b. March 28, 1874; d. Dec. 16, 1927.
- (4)-Clyde Patterson, b. March 26, 1914.

- (2)-Elizabeth Patterson, Scio, Ohio, b. Feb. 8, 1850; d. Dec. 19, 1922.
M. Dr. T. H. Cook, Nov. 27, 1877. He was b. Nov. 6, 1850; d. Nov. 25, 1901.
- (3)-Charles G., Catherine, Evelyn, and James C. Cook, who was a retired Penn. Railway employee, b. April 4, 1880; d. Sept. 12, 1934.
- (3)-Charles G. Cook, Inspector, Penn. Railway, Baltimore, Md.; b. Dec. 11, 1878. M. Jane Jones, Dec. 26, 1921.
- (3)-Catherine Cook, b. Oct. 10, 1882. d. Oct. 26, 1924. M. H. E. Barr, Druggist, Scio, Ohio, April, 1903.
- (4)-Frederic C. Barr, Druggist, Canton, Ohio; b. Aug. 1, 1905. M. Eleanor McGreal, Nov., 1929.
- (4)-Evelyn Barr, b. Feb. 1, 1911. M. Edward Brown, Crafton, Penna., 1933.
- (3)-Evelyn Cook, 23 Taylor St., Crafton, Penna., b. Oct. 4, 1884. M. William C. Brown, Pass. Agent, Penn. Railway, Fourth Ave. Station, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 9, 1908, who died Dec. 17, 1932.
- (4)-Elizabeth J., b. Jan. 23, 1910; Catherine, b. Jan. 18, 1912; Dorothy L. Brown, b. Sept. 28, 1927.
- (4)-Catherine Brown, Pittsburgh, Pa., b. Jan. 18, 1912. M. Dallas D. Parker, Bookkeeper, Union Trust Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 27, 1927.
- (5)-Dallas D. Parker, Jr., b. July 6, 1933; d. Aug. 22, 1933.
- (2)-Samuel Patterson, Spokane, Washington, b. 1854; d. Oct. 5, 1907. M. Axie E. Maholm, at Scio, Ohio, June 25, 1878.
- (3)-Mary Isabelle Patterson, b. Dec. 29, 1879; d. about 1887, Wyoming; Arthur C. Patterson; James E. Patterson.
- (3)-Arthur C. Patterson, Engineer, Yardley, Washington; b. Sept. 29, 1881. M. Mary McDonald, July 19, 1909; b. Feb. 1, 1883.
- (4)-Ethel C., b. April 15, 1910, St. Claire Monastery, Spokane, Washington; James A., b. Feb. 1, 1912, United States Navy; Arthur C., Jr., b. July 3, 1915, Yardley, Wash.; Katherine M., b. March 27, 1921, Yardley, Wash.
- (3)-James E. Patterson, 202 Fifth Ave., N. W., Mandan, North Dakota, b. Feb. 1, 1883. M. Maude Loveland, June 12, 1913.
- (4)-Marion Grace Patterson, Teacher, b. June 3, 1914; Arthur Leonard Patterson, b. April 12, 1919.
- (2)-John Patterson, Jr., Farmer, R. D., Scio, Ohio; b. Oct. 10, 1857; d. Aug. 21, 1933. M. Addie Scott Amos, March 21, 1880, who was b. April 21, 1859; d. Feb. 11, 1916.
- (3)-Bessie May, Ernest S., Sophia A., Annie E., Wm. Albert, John Murray Patterson.
- (3)-Bessie May Patterson, R. D., Conotton, Ohio, b. Dec. 15, 1880. M. James Watt Logan, Farmer, Feb. 14, 1906; b. June 21, 1882.

- (4)-Dallas Orin Logan, b. Dec. 9, 1906; d. March 26, 1907; Florence P. Logan, Teacher, b. Dec. 28, 1908; John Amos Logan, Farmer, b. May 12, 1910; Olive Sophia Logan, b. Sept. 21, 1911; Mary E. Logan, b. Feb. 6, 1913; James Lynn Logan, Farmer, b. June 20, 1914; Paul Raymond Logan, Farmer, b. July 11, 1916; Harry Roy Logan, b. Jan. 17, 1921.
- (3)-Ernest S. Patterson, Farmer, R. D. 3, Carrollton, Ohio; b. Oct. 26, 1882. M. Minnie O. Wenner, Feb. 7, 1906. who was born Oct. 15, 1883.
- (4)-John W.; Lorn A.; Addie J., b. Nov. 14, 1909; Eva L. Patterson, b. Nov. 6, 1911.
- (4)-Scott E. b. Nov. 22, 1913; Mary Y. b. Jan. 23, 1916; Rena C. b. Jan. 12, 1919; Ernest, Jr., b. June 26, 1901; Wayne R. b. Aug. 23, 1923; Moy C. Patterson, b. May 11, 1927.
- (4)-John W. Patterson, Electrician, Scio, Ohio; b. July 22, 1906. M. Wanda M. Bakoski.
- (4)-Lorn A. Patterson, New Harrisburg, Ohio, b. Jan. 27, 1908, Timpkin Co., Canton, Ohio. M. Leona Elder, Oct. 6, 1932.
- (5)-Shirley May Patterson, b. Dec. 31, 1934.
- (3)-Sophia Amos Patterson, R. D. 1, Conotton, Ohio, b. July 31, 1886; d. May 24, 1930. M. Harry E. Smeltz, Farmer, who was born Jan. 16, 1888.
- (4)-Mary Evelyn Smeltz, with father, b. Feb. 21, 1914; Gradus Smeltz, home, attending school.
- (3)-Annie E. Patterson, Perrysville, Carroll Co., Ohio, b. May 1, 1891. M. Harry Ray Umpleby, Farmer, who was born Dec. 16, 1885.
- (4)-Addie L., b. May 27, 1919; Anna L., b. Jan. 6, 1921, and Virginia Lucile Umpleby, b. March 11, 1925.
- (3)-William Albert Patterson, Farmer, R. D. 1, Conotton, Ohio; b. Nov. 23, 1888. M. Myrtle C. Kendall, June 27, 1912, and who was born Jan. 31, 1893.
- (4)-Charles Leonard; Annie E., b. Dec. 1, 1914; James A., b. Sept. 22, 1917; d. May 5, 1920; Frances A., b. March 9, 1919; Alberta G., b. Sept. 8, 1920; Nadine L., b. May 5, 1922; Herman Lee, b. March 13, 1924; Helen L., b. April 13, 1925, and Thelma Mae Patterson, b. May 24, 1927.
- (4)-Charles Leonard Patterson, Farmer, Scio, Ohio. M. Susan J. Keck, May 27, 1934; b. April 28, 1914.
- (3)-John Murray Patterson, Farmer, R. D. 4, Carrollton, Ohio; b. July 9, 1895. M. Mary Latimer, May 24, 1916. (NOTE: Annie E. and J. Murray Patterson married same date.)
- (4)-Ray and Ralph Patterson (twins), b. June 3, 1917; Robert Patterson, b. Aug. 3, 1919.



ADAM PATTERSON
See page 31 See page 234 D. F.



MARY SCOTT
See page 55 See page 199 D. F.



LOUISE H. SNODGRASS
See page 21 See page 191 D. F.



BOYD PATTERSON DOTY
See page 39 See page 201 D. F.

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APPENDICES

No. 1 WILBUR IRVIN PATTERSON

His Aunt, Martha Patterson, has this to say about him: "Irvin's son, Wilbur Irvin, graduated from Illinois College, Jacksonville, Ill., and the University of Illinois. Has a position in the Research Department of the George Washington University School of Medicine. He now has 'Dr.' tacked on his name."

No. 2 ADAM PATTERSON

Adam Patterson, soldier in the Civil War, was killed in the last battle of the war at Bentonville, North Carolina, March 19, 1865, at the age of about twenty-seven years.

He was a private in Company H of the 98th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and his body was buried in the National Cemetery at Raleigh, North Carolina.

A good description of that battle may be found in Volume 34 of the Century Magazine for 1887, at page 936. See also D. F. p. 234

No. 3 JAMES MADISON HARRISON

James Madison Harrison, after his youthful education at the district school, attended Scio College for a few terms, but did not graduate. He had an experience in teaching school for three winters, one at Tolono, Illinois, one the Creal school which he had attended as a boy, and the other the McGavran School, both within easy reaching distance of our old home. It was at the latter that he met his wife to be, his pupil, Ora, daughter of Mr. George Holmes, whose large farm, white house and red barn, was the well-known homestead near Conotton, Ohio.

Then for a time he was interested in farming and in the manufacture of drain tile with his father, until the urge to go west fell upon him, and in 1887 made an experimental trip to California, where he remained for a few months at San Bernardino, and then returned to remove with his wife and two children in 1889, to the state of Washington, where he finally settled at Sedro-Woolley, about eighty-five miles northeast of Seattle, and which became his permanent residence.

His life since that time has been devoted to farming and dairying, and as a pioneer in that new country of big trees and dense forests, with all of its trials and vicissitudes, he has seen a wonderful growth of population, appreciation of values, has acquired a competence, and has been able to give rare opportunities to his family, a daughter and two sons.

He has taken an interest also in politics—was a member of the Washington Legislature in 1901-1902, and later a member of the State Senate.

No. 4—JOHN H. HARRISON

SEDRO-WOOLLEY, WASHINGTON, JANUARY 8, 1935.

DEAR UNCLE:

I received yours of the first, and was somewhat surprised that you were writing another family history.

I have prepared, or rather Ann (my wife) has prepared, a list of the Patterson descendants in our family, which I enclose.

* * * *

The past Summer I have been logging. Farming hasn't been good. Bobby is getting big enough to help a lot on the farm. He is twelve years old and is just about as tall as his mother. The girls are in school and get fine grades on their report cards. Betty is taking piano lessons; Bobby is learning to play the guitar; Ann plays the violin, and I play the cornet. So you see we have an orchestra of our own sometimes.

* * * *

We would like to get a chance to go back to see you again. The old Studebaker car, in which we made the trip to Ohio and back again in 1926, is still doing service as a truck. It is in the hundred thousand mile class now.

Sincerely yours, JOHN.

P. S.—John says he can't think of anything more to write. Here is hoping you are feeling well. Give our regards to Louise. Many times we talk of our visit in your city and wish you could make a trip out here.

With love, ANN.

No. 5—CHARLES SUMNER HARRISON

Charles Sumner Harrison, the fourth child of his parents, was accidentally killed March 21, 1899.

He was alone at the time and engaged in drilling a water well on a farm about two miles northwest of Frankfort, Kansas. At the time the accident occurred the drill was suspended by a rope that passed over a pulley at the top of the mast about sixteen feet high. The drill was being lowered when a splicing in the rope caught at the point of passing over

the pulley, and pulley, broken timbers and drill, a weight of about 800 pounds, fell upon his head while standing below, killing him instantly.

He had resided in that county for several years, being near where his sister Belle had lived, and the local papers gave a complimentary account of the life he had led among his neighbors, and of his honesty and industry while living among them.

His body was sent to Scio, Ohio, and lies in Grandview Cemetery.

No. 6—ABRAHAM L. HARRISON

Abraham L. Harrison, as a youth, was the largest and strongest member of our family of children. He had been a student at the State Normal School at Ada, Ohio, and seemed to have a hopeful future before him; but in 1887 he began to show symptoms of "T. B.," which steadily grew worse, and in the hope of improvement he went to San Bernardino, California.

His cousin, Ulysses G. Patterson of Jacksonville, Ill., who was afflicted with the same disease, went along and who, likewise, hoped that the western climate would help him, but the change came too late for both of them.

Ulysses returned to his home late in that year and passed away in December.

Abe did not improve and brother William went there to take care of him the following Spring.

In July of 1888, when the end seemed certain, he had the natural longing to come home, and the two brothers started upon their long journey to Ohio. The altitude, upon their approach to Gunnison, Colorado, was too much in his weakened condition, and he expired on the train near that city.

It was a sore trial for William and he decided upon the most reasonable thing to do—bury the body in that city.

He was fortunate in being able to procure a lot in the I. O. O. F. Cemetery, and there, where the stars shine brightest, is his last resting place.

William had, before he left San Bernardino, taken a contract of employment, and thus situated what was he to do? He decided to come on east and visit our sister Belle (Mrs. Nelson Carter), at Blue Rapids, Kansas, and then returned to San Bernardino and completed his contract.

When that was done he went north to Sedro-Woolley, Washington, visited brother James Madison, and then returned to Ohio.

I have always thought his experience was the most trying of any ever put upon us, and that no one could have acquitted himself any better.

No. 7—ARTHUR C. PATTERSON

And here are the stories of two boys typical of the rustling American boy of the West, who made good and triumphed over many hard knocks and adverse circumstances. They are Arthur C. and James E. Patterson, sons of Samuel Patterson, who, when first married, lived upon the farm northeast of the old John Patterson homestead, where Oscar Kirby now lives, and which Sam bought from his half-brother, James Patterson, about the Spring of 1877, when the latter moved to Blue Mound, Kansas.

The story of each boy is best told in his own words.

Arthur wrote:

“YARDLEY, WASH., FEBRUARY 10, 1935.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

I am a poor hand to write, but will answer your letter, giving all the information you asked for and a little more.

About 1883 my father took up a homestead, a tree claim, which he preempted, and also bought some more land at twenty-five cents per acre. To get to the farm from the nearest town was fifty miles away, and we had to ford a river to reach it. In 1885 my father went back to Ohio and returned with mother and us children—Mary, James and I.

Times became hard on the farm, and when father heard about the work to be found in the construction of the Burlington Railroad, he took a few horses and left to find it in Wyoming. Black diphtheria broke out in 1887, taking my mother and little sister Mary the same day, and they were both buried in the same grave.

Father sent us boys, James and I, to grandmother Maholm's, who resided near Cadiz, in Harrison County, Ohio. In a short time we were sent out among strangers. Four years later father remarried and came for us boys. James had found a home with a family named Dutton, near New Rumley, and didn't care to leave, and I was the only one to go back with father.

I was with father a year and a half when drouth and hard times came. With a pony given to me by father, a cow-boy friend and I left home, and we headed for North Dakota. I traded my pony to a fellow in North Platte for a horse and \$15.00 to boot. In the eastern part of Nebraska I traded my second horse for a third and \$25.00 to boot, to a fellow who was plowing corn, and when he hitched the horse to the plow it wouldn't pull and we traded back, but I kept a part of his money.

From there the cowboy and I went on into South Dakota, where, with our horses, we got a job on a header-wagon. I drove the wagon until harvest was over. We followed the harvest into North Dakota, where we followed thrashing until the ground froze up.

Then on our way to Brainerd, Minnesota, where we expected to go into a lumber woods near Wadena. I traded my horse for a mule and \$25.00 to boot. Seven miles from Brainerd I traded the mule for a stack of hay.

In Brainerd I got a job in a livery stable for \$7.00 per month. In the Spring, when hay went to the price of \$20.00 per ton, I sold mine and put the proceeds in bank. For five months after that I worked in a lumber camp. I bought a team of horses, with which I worked for five months in a logging camp near Bemidji, Minnesota, and for all that labor I never received a cent, for the company went broke.

At Hibbing, Minnesota, on the Iron Range, I bought two more horses and got a job *toating* for a mining company, where I stayed until 1902, when a rush started for Alberta, Canada. I got homestead rates on a car to ship my horses to Wayshire, Canada. I took a homestead and bought 160 acres of land. During the first Summer I broke up 160 acres and spent the following Winter all alone, my nearest neighbor being four miles away.

In the Spring I had a chance to sell at a good profit--sold the homestead, and then went to work in a lumber camp in British Columbia.

I came to Spokane in 1905, and March 20, 1906, I went to work for the Northern Pacific Railway. I buried my father at Spangle, Washington, in 1907. In 1909 I was promoted to a locomotive engineer, which position I have held ever since.

The residence of myself and family is Yardley, Washington.

Sincerely yours,

A. C. PATTERSON."

NOTE—"Pat" is the nickname by which Arthur is known among his intimate railroad friends. I wish that I could reproduce here his picture as it is shown in company with that of M. J. McGovern, engineer, both in the cab, and "Pat" with lifted shovel about to throw the contents into the fiery furnace of the engine when it was making a record run on the "iron horse" which pulled the North Coast Limited from Spokane to Missoula, Montana. Their train is the fastest in the world for a distance of 2,000 miles or more.

I give the high spots in regard to "Pat," as written by the reporter who accompanied them on one of their trips.

Arthur says in his letter to me that the run described was made during the "depression," when he was detailed to act as fireman on that run.

"As we rounded a sharp curve and thundered across an iron bridge which spans the Spokane River, McGovern opened the throttle wider and the big ten-wheel mountain racer responded instantly. Faster and faster we speeded into the heart of that charmed land of magnificent vistas, which lies between Spokane and Missoula.

For McGovern and Patterson the dash across the boundaries of three states was all in the day's work. * * *

To maintain its schedule, which won the North Coast Limited the distinction of being the fastest train in the world for a continuous run of 2,000 miles or more, it must travel at an average speed of more than forty miles an hour over the steepest mountain grades. Seventy miles an hour is not uncommon for the limited on level stretches.

As we passed through Hauser, Idaho, Patterson dropped his shovel and climbed to the seat behind me.

"You'll have something to tell your subscribers when you get back from this trip," he declared.

"It sure is too bad that more Spokane people don't realize what a wonderful country this is and come out and see it. It's the last stand of the old west, and it's of the old west and it's just about the same as it was thirty-five years ago when I started on the run. The Indians still wear paint and feathers, the lakes and rivers are filled with fish and hundreds of deer roam the forests."

Patterson proved to be a walking guide book. He entertained me with stories of the early days on the railroad and recounted history of the region.

At Thompson Falls Patterson told me, "They've got what you'd call a natural phenomenon. Crevices (in the rocks) give off a current of cold air, which is piped to the houses and used for cold storage purposes."

At Plains, Montana, Patterson said the old name of the town was Horse Plains—the Indians wintered there, and so did their horses.

In what seemed to be an incredibly short time we reached Paradise, Montana, the eastern terminus of the Idaho division and the end of the run for McGovern and Patterson.

I have just one thought to add to this interesting account: What railway passenger could wish for more than to ride speedily and comfortably and land safely in *Paradise*.
J. T. H.

No. 8—JAMES E. PATTERSON

The story of the other boy, James E. Patterson, follows:

"MANDAN, NORTH DAKOTA, FEBRUARY 24, 1935.

DEAR COUSIN:

I received your card, asking me to give some of my experiences and life history, and will make an attempt, but it is hard to write of one's self.

When I was about three years old, father, mother, sister, Arthur and myself moved from Ohio to Nebraska, where father filed on a homestead.

I can remember that we had hot dry weather and no crops. The country

was being opened up and railroads were under construction, and father went to work for the railroad with the construction gang.

Within two years after we moved out there, mother and my sister took sick, and both passed away, their deaths being about twelve hours apart. I think they were buried in Wyoming, as I think father was working there at that time. The approximate dates of their deaths was 1887.

A short time after this, father sent Arthur and I back to grandmother Maholm's in Ohio. This trip is quite well fixed in my memory, even though I was only about five years old. There were no passenger trains, and father gave us a supply of food and each a silver dollar, and helped us board the caboose. The trip took us four days and three nights, and when we arrived at Scio, Ohio, Uncle John Harrison met us and delivered us to Uncle T. H. Cook, in the village, who took us to grandmother Maholm's.

Then shortly thereafter, Uncle Samuel Anderson was appointed to look after us. He tried to find places for us in private homes, but it didn't seem there was much demand for boys at that time. I was finally placed with David Miller. They were quite old people, and it wasn't very long until I had to make a change, and went to live with Owen Dutton, near New Rumley, Harrison County, Ohio. They were very good to me, and after Mr. Dutton died I remained there until Mrs. Dutton left the farm. Her son Jacob took over the farm and I lived with them a couple of years. Jake rented the farm and told me I would have to look elsewhere for a home.

When about fourteen years old, I started out to work in the oil fields near Scio. From there I went to Woodsfield, Ohio, to work in the oil field. I remained there until I was nineteen years old, when I enlisted in the U. S. Army for three years. During that time I was stationed at Ft. Sam Houston, Texas; Ft. Sill, Oklahoma; and Ft. Riley, Kansas, at which latter Fort I was discharged in 1905.

From the army I went to Dennison, Ohio, and hired with the Pennsylvania Railway as a fireman. This was pretty hard work, so I gave up the job and went to Weyburn, Canada, to see my father. He had married again and was living on a farm near Weyburn. The woman he married had some grown children, and after a short visit there I left with one of her sons and we went to Enderlin, North Dakota.

I was married June 12, 1913, and now have a family, a daughter and a son. My daughter, Marion, is teaching school about sixty miles west of here, and my son Arthur is in high school.

In 1912 I joined the Blue Lodge of Masons, and at present am a member of the Chapter. My wife is a member of the Eastern Star, having joined in 1919; my daughter was one of the first class in the Rainbow Girls, not

being quite old enough to join as a charter member when our local society was instituted.

In July, 1933, while working as a fireman, my left hand was badly crushed, resulting in the loss of one finger, and has left my hand in such condition that I have not been able to work since.

If, during another year, I am still unable to work as an engineer, it is possible we will go to the west coast to take up our residence there.

This, in brief, is a sketch of my life, and hope you can make something out of it.

Sincerely yours,

JAMES E. PATTERSON."

No. 9—JOHN A. PATTERSON

"PIEDMONT, KANSAS, APRIL 8, 1935.

DEAR COUSIN:

Early in the Spring of 1877 I left Scio, Ohio, for Kansas in an emigrant car, reaching Kansas City, Missouri, eight days later. Here I unloaded the horses and sent the household goods on to Pleasanton, Kansas, and I rode on horseback, bringing six head of horses to our home, seventy-five miles southwest of Kansas City, in Linn County, Kansas.

The trip required three days. I resided with my parents on the farm, which brother Milton now owns, near Blue Mound, Kansas, until February, 1882, when I was married to May Lockwood, and located on a farm near Mound City, Kansas. Four sons and one daughter were born to us while living here. My wife died in December, 1899.

In the Spring of 1901, I moved with my family to a farm of 280 acres, near Piedmont, Kansas, where I still live.

Here is where my children grew up and where they began leaving for homes of their own. My daughter, Margaret, located in Howard, Kansas. In 1927 she passed away, leaving four children, all of whom are grown and have homes of their own within two hours drive of my present home.

My eldest son, Oscar, located in Seattle, Washington, about twenty-seven years ago, and still resides there.

My second son, Maurice, was a farmer, and lived near me until he died in the Fall of 1923, and left four daughters, who now reside in Ellensburg, Washington. One daughter, Elsie, has a son nearly two years old, which gives me the title of great-grandfather.

My third and fourth sons, Clarence and William, were both in the World War, both being over-seas, and Clarence was so badly gassed he contracted "T. B." and must live in the west. His present home is in Monrovia, California. The other son, William, is a painter by trade, and

makes his home in Centralia, Washington. He takes after the Pattersons, and is a bachelor.

In 1903, I was united in marriage to my present wife. We raised one son to the age of twenty-three years and he died in 1930.

I have always been a farmer and stockman, and at this date am nearly seventy-eight years old, but able to look after my stock and farming, and hire a man to do the heavy work. My health is excellent, and I can read the daily papers without spectacles. Just took an active part in the "Womanless Wedding," which the men of our church (the Methodist) put on recently.

We have all seen the "ups and downs" of Kansas life, but always had plenty, and still think Kansas the best state in the Union—next to Ohio. We have lived to see Kansas brought out of the mud.

While in 1877 we angled across the prairies on horseback, we can now go from coast to coast in high-powered cars, without being on dirt roads. The trip that took *three* days in 1877 I would now make in *two* hours.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN A. PATTERSON."

No. 10—BOYD PATTERSON DOTY

Boyd Patterson Doty is the youngest of his family and was brought up from infancy on his parents farm near Sehlby, Ohio, until he was seven years of age, when the family moved to Lexington, Ohio. From that time he has given me a brief sketch of his life:

At Lexington he attended the village school and worked on the farm until he was seventeen years of age, and then began to teach in the public schools. After teaching and farming for three years he entered the third year of the Preparatory School at Wooster (Ohio) College, where he later attended but did not complete the college course.

1899-1900 he taught school at Brinkhaven, Ohio, and that Winter began the study of law. 1900-1901 taught school in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and during the latter year he entered the Law School of the Ohio State University. After graduating in 1903, with the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and being admitted to the bar, he was attorney for the Ohio Anti-Saloon League until 1906, when he became attorney and legislative superintendent, and a little later, until 1911, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for the State of Washington.

In 1911 he engaged in the general practice of law at Ephrata, Grant County, Washington. In 1916 he went to Westerville, Ohio, as business manager, and later as assistant general manager of The American Issue Publishing Company, where he remained until 1921.

1921-1922 he was general counsel for the New England section of the Anti-Saloon League of America; and in 1923 returned to Westerville, Ohio, and until 1933 was attorney for the World League Against Alcoholism, and was also assistant secretary of the Temperance Education Foundation. In September, 1933, he began the general practice of law at his present home, which is Columbus, Ohio."

He adds: "From early manhood I was intensely interested in the subject of temperance reform, and gave to it the best years of my life in developing public sentiment and in organizing legislative programs for the enactment of temperance and prohibitory laws. This experience in legal training was valuable and led to my admission to practice law, not only in Ohio, but also in the states of Washington, Massachusetts, and the Supreme Court of the United States."

Note:- The above gives but a meager idea of the interesting life Boyd has led. He has done so well, and there are so many interesting features in it with which I am familiar, that in justice to him I will add some by way of embellishment.

He doesn't tell you that in 1899-1900, when he had found the life of a teacher somewhat irksome, he came to Cincinnati, hoping to make a contact with some form of commercial life in a large city, and change the course of his career. Fortunately, he was not able to secure employment of that kind, and it was I who persuaded him to study law. He took hold of it in earnest, but was handicapped for the means to sustain himself, and that led to more teaching to be sandwiched in between periods spent in his study for the legal profession.

His sketch doesn't tell you of his periods of discouragement, and the efforts required to drive the "blue specters" away; nor of the "scrappy" lawyers he was required to meet when attorney for the Anti-Saloon League; nor of the prejudice and opposition he had to meet in pro-liquor communities, trying cases before magistrates, nor of the records he had to make to take those cases up on error when the decision was against him.

It gave him a wide experience. It was colorful, too, especially that experience at Ephrata, Washington, where he had a chance to learn what it meant to locate in a wild, new country, where the voice of the coyote was heard at night, and one could see him chased in the daytime, and where he could also see the big jack rabbit double up and go across a ten-acre area in about three jumps.

Also, in that ocean trip when, with his wife and first child, he took a steamer on the west coast from Portland to San Francisco, thence by rail via Los Angeles to New Orleans; thence by steamer to New York City, upon his return to live thereafter in Ohio. Nor does it mention that trip to England and Scotland he took for his employers in 1932.

Altogether, he has had a unique experience along so many lines, so many that are so helpful to a lawyer, that with his equipment, his success, in my judgment, is assured. I expect to see him a judge some day.

No. 11—CLARENCE PATTERSON

Clarence Patterson is a disabled veteran of the World War, and is the author of a pamphlet entitled, "Then and Now," giving an account of his experience as a soldier until his return in 1919.

It is a vivid account of such experiences as marching in mud and rain, burrowing in trenches, shell holes, digging in, going through wire entanglements and over the top, and grim sights of the dead and wounded.

He and his "Buddy" were buried alive by a shell shot, the latter so completely that only his hand was left sticking out, and then he managed to get out and then pulled Clarence out. Like many others he suffered most from gas, and still suffers from it.

We get some account of his appearance when he tells us about his first camp experience, when uniforms were distributed. He got one made for a short man, while his height is about six feet, and being slim the grotesque appearance he must have made.

He writes a good letter, both as to penmanship and composition, and under date of June 21, says:

"In March of 1917, I made my first contact with the outside world in a trip to Wyoming, and there on July 13, 1917, I enlisted as a member of the Medical Detachment in the World War, and was sent directly to Camp Travis, Texas, and there assigned to the 360th Infantry, Ninetieth Division.

We remained there until June, 1918, when we were ordered to entrain to an unknown destination, which proved to be Camp Mills, New York state, and thence to New York City, where we embarked on the Olympia, one of the largest of the English transports. Our voyage to Southampton, England, was made in about six days, over a smooth sea and in fair weather.

When we disembarked we remained at the dock until after dark, and were then ordered aboard small vessels and proceeded across the English Channel.

This voyage, taking part of the night, was a most unpleasant one, for the Channel was rough, and most of us rid our bodies of the steam-cooked ocean fish we had eaten.

Upon our arrival at Havre, France, we were put aboard a French train, made up of box and flat cars, and sent to southern France to prepare for contact duty.

We remained in training there for about a month, when we were ordered to entrain for the St. Mihiel sector, the danger line.

From there we were forced to march at night through rain and mud to the front line trenches, where we laid awaiting the hour when orders would come to "go over the top."

These orders came on the night of September 11, 1918, and on the morning of the twelfth, at 5.30 o'clock, they began and were executed successfully as reckoned in warfare.

My duties were to render aid to the wounded, the details of which I must refrain from describing.

I was taken from the battlefield near the twentieth of September, being gassed and later attacked with influenza, to the Field Hospital, and later to the Base Hospital at Toul, France, where I remained unconscious for ten days. When partially recovered I again joined my regiment, going to the Argonne Forest, where we took our position in October for our drive, that of the United States, which our superior officers said was to be the final drive, and to occur about November 1, and nothing would be spared to make it decisive. It was open warfare and the battlefield, indeed, showed the sacrifice of many American soldiers, but our task was completed successfully as the same is spoken of in war.

This brought us up to that historical date—the eleventh hour, eleventh day and eleventh month, 1918. It brought joy and happiness, for we were to return home to take up the lives we left in 1917. Then came the disappointment. We were assigned to the Army of Occupation, and started on our march to Germany, which lasted twenty-one days. Our division headquarters were established at Berneastel, on the Moselle River. Here our duties were guard duty and drill, and much the same as in the States, but milder.

In May, 1919, we entrained and started for the good old United States of America. Arriving at St. Nazaire, France, we were put aboard the U. S. S. Mongolia near May 28. The voyage was made in sixteen days through rough seas and with much sickness, when we landed at Boson about June 14, and from thence to Fort Riley, Kansas, where I was discharged, June 19, 1919.

From the time I was taken from the trenches at St. Mihiel I have been fighting and am still fighting, the results of the war, trying to regain my lost health.

I am forced to live an idle life, and when at times I see others who are worse afflicted, it teaches me not to worry.

I am thankful for the opportunity to have my name added to the Family Tree of the Pattersons. My wife and I join the occasion with our best wishes, and may the name and strain of blood, with which we are

blessed, forever play the part of producing upright and law-abiding citizens.

Again we extend our best wishes on the day of the reunion in 1935, to all who may be present on that occasion."

As ever, your Cousins,

CLARENCE AND BERTHA PATTERSON.

No. 12—BOYD WAYLAND TUCKER

It was my purpose to get from him a sketch of his life which has been so much out of the ordinary, so far as the Patterson kindred are concerned. A letter requesting the same was sent to him but time and distance must be charged with our failure to receive it.

This was anticipated, and to make sure that we had something concerning his unusual experience, I requested his Uncle, Boyd Patterson Doty, to furnish such a sketch, as he was familiar with the leading incidents of his life, and the same is given below under date of July 23, 1935:

"Boyd Wayland Tucker has had an unusual type of interesting events in his life as a missionary to India.

Although brought up in the Presbyterian Church, he, in his young manhood, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church and later entered college at Berea, Kentucky. While there he consecrated himself to the foreign mission field, so called, and was sent by his denomination to India in about 1920. Although he has had the usual tribulations experienced by the average missionary, Boyd has had a few novel and compensating experiences.

After a period of preparation in the field, he entered upon educational work, first in the high school, and later in a college headed by the famous Indian philosopher, poet and educator, Rabindranath Tagore. His contact with this international character brought Boyd back to the United States on a special tour with Dr. Tagore in behalf of that college. Another more unusual association was with Mahatma Gandhi. Coming to know both of these Indian leaders intimately has opened special opportunities to know and understand the viewpoint of two widely contrasted Indian leaders in the land of Oriental mystery and romance.

Boyd has made at least three round trips to India which, each time, afforded him and his family the opportunity to visit many other countries en route. The year of leave, ending June 30, 1935, has been used by Boyd in post graduate work at Harvard University. With a little more study he will get the degree Ph. D., in the near future.

These varied and unique experiences or contacts are part of the com-

pensation which Boyd has received for devotion to his call for service in a foreign land.

It should be added that within a year after arriving in India Boyd met and married Lela Payton, already established in missionary work there, so that the two have had a common interest in their special work.

Cordially yours,

BOYD P. DOTY.

No. 13—JOSEPH T. HARRISON

I hesitate when it comes to giving a sketch of my own life, but I am fortified, in a slight degree in so doing, by the fact that several of my friends have asked me why I did not do so in writing my book, "The Story of the Dining Fork," which contains much more of the history of the Patterson family than is to be found in these sketches and family tree.

If I go somewhat into detail in writing it my purpose will be to give a more colorful picture of what my life has been than what would otherwise appear in a plain narration of the facts.

It was in the Summer of 1858 that I started to school. My first teacher was Eliza Anne Cameron. The method of teaching then was to begin with the letters of the alphabet, words of one syllable, two syllables, and on up to the longest words, and pronounce each syllable as one went along, and then, with something of an explosive effort, pronounce the whole word. We had no scissors with which to cut pictures nor colored pencils with which to make drawings.

We were not told to look at a word, for example, "Cat" and learn that when we saw it, that was "Cat," and learn letters and spelling in that way. Our system was to fix the memory upon the individual letters and words and was, perhaps, harder than the present method, but it produced good spellers and readers, such as would compare favorably with those of the present day.

The Winter seasons at the district school alternated with work on the farm, picking brush, plowing, harrowing, planting corn, sowing wheat, oats and grass seed, caring for the horses and milking cows, but the care of sheep was my principal occupation.

My memory of school days brightens when I think of the old-time spelling matches, the games of "town ball" and "sock-up"—the latter for one of the boys to take his turn in a stand at the side of the schoolhouse while another boy took his turn in throwing the ball as hard as he could at the boy against the wall, and if he was hit by the ball, which he must try to dodge, he was to run, get the ball, and then try to hit the thrower, and if he did, that put him out of the game. If boys had blue spots on

their legs where they were hit they got no sympathy, for that was part of the game.

It also brightens with recollections on the farm of delicious apples and peaches and blackberries, and how good they tasted, especially the last ones at the ends of the topmost branches, and the last of the berries found where no one else had thought of looking.

In 1869, I began my first term in Scio College in the Fall after the corn had been husked, and the potatoes and apples had been stored away for the Winter.

In the Fall of 1870, I taught my first school at \$1.25 per day, but secured board and lodging at \$2.00 per week. It was in what was known as the "Smith" district, about four miles northeast of Perrysville, Carroll County, Ohio. It was a sore trial to be away from home for the first time, and I used to wonder how "Old Sam" and "Old Nell," the horses, and the folks at home could get along without me.

On the first Friday afternoon I let out school early and found my way across the fields, the nearest way, a distance of eight miles to get home. And how the time seemed to fly between the date of my arrival and Sunday evening, when I returned by the aid of one of the boys and a couple of horses. Sometimes, through the kindness of my host where I boarded, who had a stable full of horses and two mules, he would loan me one, and I would negotiate the distance that way. Once he loaned me "Tibby," a fat little mule, that had a cute kind of short gallop, and I was rounding a bend in the road, and a boy with an armful of wood raised up to carry it away and "Tibby" shied, jumped to one side of the road, and saddle, broken girth and I landed in the road. "Tibby" ran ahead a piece, stopped, looked around as much as to say, "How do you like that," and fortunately waited for me to catch her.

My farming, teaching, and college terms alternated until I was graduated from Scio College in June, 1875, when I had the honor of making the valedictory address.

The Commencement was held in the grove of native forest trees which occupied the ground a little distance east of the college building, and where the attractive residences are now located on the south side of College Street.

I remember the occasion distinctly. The audience sat upon plank seats, with no backs, upon the hillside sloping to the north and facing the platform built for the speakers, faculty, trustees, and distinguished guests. The subject of my oration was, "Our Centennial," to be celebrated in the city of Philadelphia the following year.

My grandfather, Joseph Harrison, occupied a seat well down near the platform. I had adopted a suggestion once made to Gen. Andrew Jackson,

when he was about to close his speech. One of his friends suggested, "Tip 'em a little Latin, General," and when he did so and sat down, there was great cheering over his fine speech.

My closing sentence was in Latin, "Matre pulchra, filla pulchrior," My country, "the daughter more beautiful than the beautiful mother." Grandfather, at the close of my address, unmindful of those about him, threw up his hat and said, "Well done, Joseph; well done." I have never in my life heard words of commendation which gave me greater satisfaction.

In the Summer of 1872, a fellow student told me that teachers in West Virginia got good wages; that the free school system had been adopted only a short time before, and with two other students, we determined to go there and engage schools.

The date of starting was set for the early part of August, and my trunk was at the station upon the appointed time to start; but my associates had changed their minds and informed me they had decided not to go. I had then to decide to go to West Virginia, or go back home and be laughed at for backing out. I decided to go, and on the train east on which I was bound for Wheeling, were several friends going to Steubenville and Pittsburgh, with the expectation of returning soon. How I wished I could likewise get back home so soon, and I think I repressed a big tear or two when thinking of what might be the consequences of my adventure, for I knew no one in the region to which I was going.

At Wheeling I could not resist the temptation to go out to the top of one of the high hills and see where Captain Samuel McCullough had made his famous leap when on horseback, and had been chased to a point overlooking a creek, and where the Indians thought they had him cornered, but he fooled them by boldly riding down the cliff and swimming his horse across the creek to the other side. I had no guide, no map, no survey, and could not find it—the place about which I had read when a boy.

The next morning I took a boat for Parkersburg and the scenery along the river was to me a continuous feast. That night I slept on a mattress spread upon the deck, and remember how apprehensive I was should my money (\$30.00) be stolen; also, my clambering up the shore over a landing paved with cobble stones to a hotel in Parkersburg.

My first call was upon Mr. S. H. Piersol, Superintendent of Public Schools, who directed me to go east to White Oak in Ritchie County, a town having a boom in the production of oil. After spending a little time there I was convinced there was a poor chance to succeed in that place, and early one morning I set out for Elizabeth, the county seat of Wirt County. My walk was down Goose Creek, crossing the B. & O. Railway

at Petroleum, and during this walk a mystery occurred. Every little while I heard a sound, a click that seemed to come from nowhere that I could discover. It followed me all the way to Petroleum. I had never believed in supernatural sounds, but here was a puzzle. Whence came that positive click? Was I followed by spooks? Some months afterward I learned that it came from the clicking of the valves in the underground pipe line that carried the oil to the storage tank at the railway.

The journey was made over a rough wagon road mostly through woods of large pine trees, and when I came to the Hughes River I waded it, and it was nightfall when I reached Elizabeth, and remember distinctly the roar of the water in the Little Kanawha River as it descended over its rocky bed.

The first night I took a room at a boarding house over a saloon, and that night I heard a fearful row below. Next morning I learned that a man had received a broken leg. Elizabeth was a rough town, the heat was oppressive, and saloons and ilies in abundance, and it seemed to me discouraging as a place where education might be expected to flourish.

On a Sunday morning I decided to try my fortunes at Burning Springs, about eight miles further up the river, and went there with a good man who was going to church at that place. While there I discovered that I had left my pocketbook and money under the pillow in the room I had occupied. I walked back with the key to my room in my pocket, and to my most agreeable surprise found my pocketbook and money under the pillow.

On the way back I remember when turning a bend in the road leading through a piece of woods, that I discovered a dead man lying sprawling in the middle of the road. He was past anything I could do for him and I went on. Several times since I have thought, as a lawyer, what a case on circumstantial evidence might have been framed against me.

Burning Springs had seemed to me a good prospect; it had but recently made the discovery of oil and gas, and was utilizing the latter for fuel and light, and had made great arches over the principal street, showing in flaring letters, the names of the presidential candidates, "Grant and Colfax" and "Greeley and Brown."

Up to this time it had been my purpose to organize a private school, where the parents would pay the tuition, but the longer I worked at it the more chimerical it seemed to be.

From Elizabeth, in the company of a doctor, whose acquaintance I had made, I rode back to Parkersburg and went to the county superintendent and obtained a teacher's certificate. He directed me to apply for a public school at Valley Mills, a village eight miles away, and about

half way across the big bend the Ohio River makes in its northerly sweep and then to the south, with Marietta at the apex of the bend.

Here I was promised the school at \$35.00 per month, but the term would last only four months. I determined to hold this opportunity in reserve and push on to Williamstown, opposite Marietta, where I might get a larger school and better wages. That was a disappointment. I had \$6.00 left, and when I saw a boat going "chug-chug" up the river, I was sorely tempted to hail it and go home. That would have been acknowledging defeat, and I decided to walk back to Valley Mills, take that school, and there spend the Winter. The buzz of the saw in the lumber mill and the ring of the iron on the anvil of the blacksmith were some of the evidences of thrift; and besides, it was the home of Hon. William E. Stevenson, second governor of West Virginia, and who was then editor of the Western Messenger in Parkersburg. He had a large orchard and a commodious residence in the village. In the latter was a large library, to which he gave me access and we organized a literary society, which with the school kept me busy. At the close of that term trustees of a school district about four miles above Marietta came after me, to "teach-out" the last half of a four-months' term, and where the teacher, after the first two months, had been run off by the big boys of the school. One of the trustees went with me on the first day and gave the boys a lecture on what the discipline should be, now that they had gotten them another teacher. On the way to the school that morning we passed through a thicket of slender hickory switches, a number of which I cut and stood in the schoolroom corner, and when I made my speech pointed significantly toward them.

With only a few scraps I got through that school. I boarded with a fine old family named Compton, which had come to that section from old Virginia and their hospitality was typical of what is best in the old Dominion. Their large two-story white house stood upon a bench of land known as "second bottom" above the river, and what was known as Compton's Landing. I had a second-story front room, and often went to sleep hearing the sound of slow moving steamboats going up and down the river.

Back of the house and beyond the public road was a high perpendicular ledge of outcropping rock, and I suppose my initials and the date "1873" may still be seen carved high upon its face. Little Muskingum

Opposite, on the Ohio side, was the mouth of ~~Little Back~~ Creek, and beyond that was a high conical hill called Mt. Tom, which I never beheld without a desire to climb to the top and get the views I knew it would present.

One Saturday Mr. Compton invited me to go with him, take dinner

with one of his relatives, and then I could climb Mt. Tom and realize my wish.

We set out in a skiff, with him in the bow handling the oars, and I in the stern facing him. As a *landlubber* I was somewhat apprehensive over the crossing, but one look at his strong rugged face gave me confidence and I thought I had never seen a man who looked so much like paintings of the old fisherman on the sea coast, inured to all the dangers of the sea. Our return was made in the same safe manner, I had climbed Mt. Tom, and we had spent a delightful day.

Old Mr. Compton was saturated with the spirit of the Revolution, and his dark eyes fairly shone beneath his beetling eyebrows when he quoted from Patrick Henry: "Julius Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I had his Cromwell, and George the III may well take a lesson."

My memory also takes me back to the fine russet apples we ate during the Winter evenings, and with which the Ohio valley abounded at that time.

The closing scene of that experience was saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Compton, and the latter's appearance of stout build, ruddy complexion, white cap and with the knitting outfit in her hands—for she was always knitting—and when I left she presented me a pair of woolen socks which she had knitted for me. She had a most kindly face and was related to Frances D. Gage, well known writer of the Muskingum valley.

Then there were the sons, Steve and Will, bachelors, and many of my scholars down at the landing to see me off. I hailed the boat, put aboard my little trunk, and from the deck, as the boat slowly moved away, we waived handkerchiefs and the boat steamed up the river towards my home.

Trying as that experience was for a boy of nineteen years, I still reckon it was of great value to me in after life. The experience in Carroll County as a teacher at seventeen, and getting used to being away from home had, in a way, prepared me for it, for I got home with \$100.00 in my pocket, and had the satisfaction of knowing I had not been connected with a failure.

In the Fall of 1875, I engaged to teach a seven-months' term of school in Leesville, Carroll County, Ohio. It was a settlement made by emigrants from Virginia, who gave to the town its name, and there again I enjoyed the hospitality of their descendants, among whom were those named Price, Holmes, Hunt, Carr and others, names still well known in the community.

Interest in politics had at that time taken hold of me, and dismissing my school at 3 p. m. on October 12, I walked eight miles to Scio to cast my vote, before six o'clock, for Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes, the successful

candidate for governor; and the next year my first vote for president was cast for him.

During the Summer of 1876, my work was on the farm until August, when in company with my Uncle William C. Harrison, we went to the Philadelphia Exposition, where we spent about ten days. The recollection of that trip will persist as long as memory lasts. It was a display of the great achievements of the world up to that time, in all the walks of life.

En route up the Youghiogheny River from Pittsburgh to Washington, the high-points of interest were Cumberland, Maryland, and Harper's Ferry. In Washington the Capitol and the White House and Ford's Theater of grim Lincoln memory, were great objects of interest. We crossed the Potomac in a skiff to Alexandria and saw the stairway on which Colonel Ellsworth was shot when he hauled down the confederate flag. We dropped down the river in an excursion boat made gay with music of the harp variety to Mt. Vernon, walked up to the mansion and through it, and saw the many heirlooms sacred to the memory of Washington, and walked around to the iron enclosed lot in which is the sarcophagus which contains his mortal remains.

In Philadelphia we saw Independence Hall, Liberty Bell, Girard College and the grave of Franklin; and how beautiful was Fairmount Park and the great buildings which housed the Exposition. It was the beginning of the use of electricity as a motive power, and I recall how the little electric car, suspended from a cable, *hitched* its way back and forth across a little ravine in the Exposition grounds. Great as the changes are between the *then* and *now*, it was no more wonderful to me than was Horticultural Hall, which then looked so big and was still standing when I saw it twenty years later, and it looked so small, for the young palm trees had grown to the top of the glass dome, had turned, and the tops had grown down to the floor.

That summer I began the study of law under the tutelage of Cunningham & Hollingsworth, in Cadiz, Ohio, and my memory hearkened back to an incident that had something to do with that resolution.

One Saturday, during the Winter of 1872-1873, when I taught school at Valley Mills, West Virginia, a young man, Tom Dunbar, and I rode together on horseback to Parkersburg, he for business of his own, and I to have the Sheriff, who was the teacher's paymaster, cash one of my certificates for wages, when Tom suggested that we go to a phrenologist and have our heads examined, and learn what he had to say we were best fitted for.

Our inquiry led us to the office of the same Superintendent of Schools, Mr. S. H. Piersol, who was the first man I had met in Parkersburg, and

who had issued to me my teacher's certificate. His diagnosis of me was that I should study law, and my tentative resolution being thus reenforced, I determined to be a lawyer.

In September of 1876, I began teaching in Scio College, where I was engaged until October of 1877, when I entered the Cincinnati Law School, was graduated therefrom and admitted to the bar in May, 1878.

It was a problem to know where to locate for the practice of law. Would it be better to go west, as did so many young lawyers, to a place of promise and grow up with it, even if there was little business in the beginning and try to create more; or locate in some older city where there was an established business and try to get some of it?

The argument determined me in favor of Cincinnati and I have never had cause to regret it, although, in my early experience, I was once tempted to join the regular army.

Of course, it was hard to get a start. One was not particularly encouraged when he heard some old lawyers say that a young lawyer, to get a start, "Must room in an attic and live on crackers and cheese for the first three years." but I was able to do somewhat better than that. There were three things it seemed to me of primary importance—to get acquainted, to acquire an ample fund of general information, and to acquire the art of speaking and writing effectively.

I had joined the Odd Fellows in Scio, and upon transferring my membership to a lodge in Cincinnati became its Noble Grand, or presiding officer, and among its members have been some of my most esteemed friends. Likewise has been my experience in both the Masonic lodge and Commandery—a Past Chancellor, Past Master, and Past Commander.

I also have had the honor to serve the Caledonian Society of Cincinnati as president for two years and to prepare its centennial history in 1927. As a reward for services rendered I hold an honorary membership in that body; also, a life membership in Kilwinning Lodge, F. & A. M.

In my college course so much of my time had been taken up with text books that I felt sorely a need of knowledge of general literature, both poetry and prose, and planned a course of reading to embrace the best books of the best authors. To acquire the art of public speaking I must practice, learn to speak to the point effectively, being careful how to begin and how to close, and never offend by speaking too long.

Unless one has the actual practice he cannot hope to succeed. He might sit on the river bank for a lifetime and watch the river go by, but unless he got into the water he would never learn to swim. As an aid to writing, the keeping of a diary has been most helpful, not that what one writes is so important to others, but it aids the memory of the writer and leads to a style of apt expression.

Of my experience as a lawyer, mine has been a general practice—anything that came along. Have handled some large estates, examined titles to real estate, tried some criminal and personal injury cases, contest of wills, ejectment suits, and all forms of conveyancing from a chattel mortgage on a sewing machine to one on a steamboat. I had the good fortune once to win a personal injury case in Lebanon, Ohio, and get a verdict for all I asked, \$5,000.00. It was for a fine old gentleman, a Presbyterian minister named Findley, of Western Pennsylvania, and whose father was a celebrated preacher in Eastern Ohio.

Some of my most interesting cases were out of the city. Those for plaintiffs were in Shreveport, Louisiana, Davenport, Iowa, Lebanon, Ohio, and Cadiz, Ohio. Another for a defendant, in Cincinnati, was equally interesting. The latter involved the implied liability of a landlord to a tenant, large wholesale grocers, who had rented a warehouse for the storage of some \$22,000.00 of sugar, and being on Second Street, where there had been occasional floods, collapsed during the high water of 1897, and the wasted sugar I suppose sweetened much of the water between Cincinnati and New Orleans. The grocers sued the landlord, from whom they had rented, claiming that the lease, which was without warranty, should be construed, that by *implication* he had represented that the warehouse was fit and suitable for their purpose for which it was rented.

The case was won for the landlord, and confirmed the rule that in such case, in the absence of a warranty, the tenant takes it as he finds it, and having bought the use of it, the blame would lie at his door if he overloaded the building. 68 Ohio State, 328.

The one in Shreveport, was a suit brought in 1895 to annul the will of an old bachelor named Heffner, which he had written himself, but the day of the month "(June 1893)" had been omitted. He was an ex-sheriff of Caddo Parish and left considerable wealth. He and his brother, who also lived there, and was an ex-member of the legislature, had gone to Louisiana when young men, and the suit was brought by relatives in Hamilton County who were left nothing, but all was left to the resident brother in Louisiana.

There was another circumstance that seemed queer. The letters written to the relatives in Ohio, showed the handwriting of the brothers to be almost identical; but the decedent always spelled Shreveport correctly, while in all of the letters of the beneficiary the name was always spelled "Shreavport," and it was spelled that way in the will, which was supposed to have been written by the decedent.

The charge of forgery would have been hard to prove, and besides certain risks would be taken if non-residents went before Louisiana courts and failed in that endeavor, so we decided to attack it solely on the ground of defective execution—the want of a date.

We had a good case to support us, that of Myria Gaines Clark, who haunted Washington so long carrying her green bag. That case had decided that in the execution of an olographic will it must *all be written* by the testator, and it was on that ground we won and broke the will. It went twice to the Supreme Court, once on the alleged error in annulling the will; the other on the refusal of the beneficiary brother to make an accounting. This did not take so long as one might think, for in Louisiana a case can be taken directly from the trial to the Supreme Court.

My first move was to spend a day or two in Shreveport in getting acquainted; then to have a photograph made of the original will. This was in the hot month of July, 1895, and I remember the trip from New Orleans up the Red River to Shreveport, and that the location of "Uncle Tom's" cabin was pointed out, where his cruel master, "Legree," lived. On the way back I spent a day in Vicksburg, seeing the old bend in the river, made straight by General Grant, and the field above Vicksburg where he accepted the surrender of General Pemberton; also the National Cemetery at the apex of the bend. 48 La. An. Rep. 1088; 49-407-488; 50-552; 51-1637.

The Iowa case concerned the will of an Episcopal minister who went from Virginia to that State in the late forties and lived in a cabin, and had for his sole companions a cat, a gun and a dog.

Later he married a rich widow, although he had not been divorced from his first wife, whom he left in Virginia with their two young children, John and Mary.

He became wealthy by trafficking in real estate. His will had been written in 1853 by Austin Corbin, then a young lawyer in Davenport, and afterwards became a great railroad magnate in New York.

John grew to manhood, became a Colonel in the Confederate Army, and did considerable damage to the Federal cause in the use of about 1,000 men in raiding up and down the Potomac River.

Mary, married, and became the mother of a family in the city of Washington.

At the close of the Civil War John was afraid to go back to Virginia lest he be apprehended for some of his war depredations, but ultimately went back, married, brought up a family, and at his death in 1903, left a will by which he devised his real estate to his widow and children, who were my clients.

Their claims turned upon the *second* and *eighth* items of the will written by the grandfather of John and Mary, which recited that *one-half* of the testator's real estate was left by the second item to each; while the *eighth* item read that it is my will that John and Mary "shall have no power

to sell the estates devised to them, but only the income, but shall have power to will the same to whomsoever they please."

Mary did not make a will as to the part willed to her, but in 1867 she joined with John in an action brought in Davenport to construe the will.

At that time they had no children, and there being no contest, a decree was entered, finding that each took a fee simple title under the *second* item and that the *eighth* item was merely the expression of a wish.

Shortly after the decree was entered John and Mary sold the property thus acquired and made deeds therefor to the purchasers, who as grantees and their successors, had ever since held possession.

On first thought one would think the case hopeless. But wait a minute. was it not a good proposition to say that when John's father provided in his will that he should have "no power to sell the same, but only the income, and could will it to whomsoever he liked;" and that all of this was shown in the recorded will of his father, that even though a decree had been entered that he was the absolute owner of one-half, the whole world had notice of the provisions of the father's will, the purchasers would be bound to take notice of the fact and would buy at *their peril*, since John's widow and children were not parties to that proceeding and never had their day in court?

The trial court and the Supreme Court both decided in favor of the defendants, on the ground that John's deed bound his *unborn heirs*.

Our only satisfaction was that before the trial we compromised one of the cases and secured enough to pay the expenses.

The effort to dispossess citizens of Iowa through a decree to be rendered by an Iowa court, had its discouragements; and there was merit in the claim that the present owners and their grantors had been in possession of the property for so long a time, that in fairness to all concerned, their possession should not be disturbed.

The case was interesting because of the historical and romantic interest attaching to it; also, because of the many legal questions involved—the wills made in Iowa and Virginia, the Iowa decree construing the first will and the powers contained in it; its limitations, the effect of the deeds made by John and Mary, and the adverse possession of the grantees, all covered a wide range of the law.

A firm of lawyers, Grant & Smith, represented John and Mary in procuring a construction of the original will, the latter a son of Rev. Samuel F. Smith, who wrote our national song, "America," who was afterwards mayor of Davenport, was tried for embezzlement, sent to prison, got out about the time the case was finally decided, and died in Montreal, when on his way back to his old home, in Rhode Island.

In the preparation of the case I went to Washington and to Warrenton,

Virginia, near the well-known battlefields of Bull Run and Manassas Junction, to take depositions, and my clients met and took me to their old-time Virginia home, where a good turkey dinner awaited.

159 Iowa 692.

But the case which gave me the most satisfaction, and which will be of the greatest interest here, was for Aunt Mary Scott, *nee* Patterson, which grew out of the great oil fire in Scio in March of 1899.

I knew Aunt Mary more intimately than any of my aunts. She was a remarkable woman in many ways. I never knew her to be excited about anything. She had the subtle, quiet humor of the Scotch, and could answer in repartee in a way that would make one think of her good common sense view of the matter in question, and at the same time enjoy the humor and wit which accompanied the answer. She made a very good witness, neither the Judge or Jury frustrated her nor did the cross examination confuse her.

During the many years that her husband was a semi-invalid from paralysis affecting his limbs, she accepted, in a quiet way, anything that had to be done, and his and her humor made their home a pleasant place to visit. Uncle Sam Patterson, about my age, and I used to visit them frequently when we were boys. Upon the death of "Uncle" Thomas McMillen I drove the carriage for her to the Ridge Cemetery, near Hanover, where he was buried, August 28, 1875.

She had leased her lot in Scio on which her dwelling stood, which was located on the northeast side of Main Street, nearly opposite the upper bridge which crosses the creek, to some oil drillers from Canton, Ohio, they to get seven-eighths and she to get one-eighth of the oil discovered. The well was drilled in her back yard and a storage tank to hold sixty-five barrels of oil was built upon timber supports which had been put in the ground when it was frozen. In March, when the frost came out the tankfull of oil fell to the ground, and the oil following the depression in the land surface ran out into the gutter at the side of the street, then on through a culvert and down into the creek, and on the running water until it came in contact with fire (supposedly from coals of fire thrown out from beneath another boiler further down the creek), and then the fire ran back along the line of escaping oil, climbed the bank, went through the culvert and on to her dwelling, burning it and about \$30,000.00 of adjoining property.

At the time of the fire Aunt Mary was living on her farm in Carroll County, about three miles away, and to which she had gone soon after the execution of the lease and had surrendered possession of the house to the drillers.

The case looked serious for Aunt Mary. She employed Hon. Walter

Shotwell, of Cadiz, to defend her in some four suits which had been brought against her and the drillers. These suits consumed about all the legal talent there was in Cadiz, and when later Mr. Shotwell was elected Common Pleas Judge he was disqualified to try her cases. In that extremity Aunt Mary appealed to me to take her cases. I told her, being so far away, it would be expensive, but she did not seem to have any other alternative, and how could I, remembering her hospitable home and the sweet cakes she gave me when a boy, refuse? It meant the loss of all she had if I should lose her case; it meant that I would have as my adversary General Hollingsworth, my former preceptor and a doughty opponent for any lawyer to meet.

The drillers were represented by C. C. Bow, Esq., a former Probate Judge in Canton, now deceased, an able and agreeable lawyer with whom to be associated.

There was no disputing the fact that Aunt Mary was owner of *part* of the oil that caused the damage. How then could she escape liability with the drillers when it, without fault of the neighbors, was allowed to escape and cause their damages?

My point from the beginning was that there was a difference between the liability of the lessees or operators and Aunt Mary, lessor, who had surrendered to them the possession of the premises, and was at the time of the fire living quietly on her farm three miles away.

The case was tried to a jury and to Judge Mansfield, who gave such a version of the law in the case as to leave the jury no chance to find for us and we were *licked*. The defeat was depressing, my old home town, and at the hands of my former preceptor. There was nothing to do but take the case up to the Circuit Court on error—and again we were *licked*.

The feeling was now worse than ever. Our last chance would be in the Supreme Court, and there we went. I spent a month in its preparation of the printed record and briefs in pamphlet form. The case was argued and submitted. Some time elapsed before the decision, and meantime I had gone to bed sick. Then the telegram came that Aunt Mary had won her case. I rose from that sick bed and have never been in one since.

If, as a lawyer, I had accomplished nothing more than to preserve the life-time savings of my Aunt Mary, that would have been enough.

I recalled the Summer of 1877, when I began the study of law, and could have gone to my old home, and found the spot where I sat in the shade and read Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, and wondered what experience I might have in the legal profession. How his ancestors had owned the estate of Dalesford, and had lost the half of it by turning it over—all the silver and gold plate to be melted and made into money for the royalist cause of Charles I; and how they lost the *other half* when

Charles I *lost his head* and Cromwell took it, and left little Warren penniless; how he thought that some day he might recover that ancestral estate; and that he did so when he returned to England after being Governor General of India. *His dream had come true.* (680-5-131.)

I have always been identified with the Republican Party, although I have never held a political office. The nearest I ever came to it was to be elected one of the commissioners in 1920 to draft a new charter for the City of Norwood, and on which I served as vice president. Also, to be appointed by the mayor one of the commissioners to represent Cincinnati at the Exposition in Nashville in 1897.

My experience in politics has been like that of a neighbor who called upon a man in eastern Ohio about dinner time, who had a large family, and was of an economical turn of mind. When the parents and the children gathered about the table, and occupied all the available places, the father said to the neighbor, "I would ask you to sit down with us and have some dinner, but the table is full." The neighbor remarked afterwards, "I never came so near getting a dinner in my life as I did at old Soloman's; I would have gotten it if the table hadn't been full."

As a diversion and a hobby I have always been fond of nature studies—botany, geology, chemistry, birds and flowers. Also, of the society of boys. It was my pleasure about thirteen years ago to help institute in Cincinnati a society for boys, aged from sixteen to twenty-one years, and known as Cincinnati Chapter of DeMolay, in which I have come in contact with about 2,000 boys, and that has helped to keep me young.

Perhaps some observations upon the practice of law for more than half a century may be of interest.

I once said to a brother lawyer that the practice of law is not unlike digging potatoes—one is always finding something.

The question of first importance in any given case is to find the point involved. It is not so difficult to find what the rule should be, as to be able to apply that rule to the given state of facts. Generally, every case turns upon one or two points. And generally, if one decides in his own mind what the rule should be, that will most likely be the law upon that particular point.

First, the study of a text-book upon that point will give one a good start; and secondly, the study of adjudicated cases upon that point will reinforce his conclusion.

More cases are won before the lawyer gets into the court room than are won after he gets there. I mean by this, thorough preparation.

When a *clear* statement of a case is made to the court and jury, the case is half won, or lost.

The law of human affairs nearly all revolves around two little words—one of *four*, the other of *five* letters—*duty* and *right*.

It is beautifully illustrated by Blackstone in the relation of parent and child. The parent owes to the child the *duty* of maintenance.

It is the child's *right* to have maintenance from the parent.

If one is received by a common carrier, as a passenger, there is at once, upon the payment of the fare, an implied contract—the *right* of transportation; also, the *duty* upon the part of the carrier to provide safe transportation.

And just so, these two little words will be found enmeshed in the rules of the common law, statute law, and the law set forth in the judicial decisions of the highest courts.

When judicial decisions are cited, each case should be so thoroughly studied that one is able to state the facts in his own language, instead of reading them (as often happens in a dreary way), and then put your finger upon the rule of law which you can read from the book.

Such a presentation of a case is the use of some real flesh and blood, which gives a realism that would be otherwise lost.

For courts and juries are human, and it is the human side of life that you want to get before the court and jury if you would be persuasive in the presentation of your case.

Law in the abstract is an Ocean without a bottom and without a shore. The Creator is the embodiment of all Law. The law that makes a blade of grass grow or a planet to revolve in its orbit.

It is most beautifully expressed in a sentence by Hooker, said to be the finest sentence in the English language:

"Of law no less can be said than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in Heaven and upon the Earth yield her homage, the very least feeling her care, the greatest not exempt from her power, but all with uniform consent admire her as the mother of their peace and joy."

JOSEPH T. HARRISON,

Cincinnati, Ohio.



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